TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Observing the conduct of our city government one is forced to the conclusion that the self seekers and ringsters in the City Council are the only ones who have any idea of what they desire to accomplish or any definite scheme for accomplishing anything. The comparatively virtuous alderman seems to have a hazy notion that something ought to be done; he feels within him the fine enthusiasm of the man who ought to do it, and proceeds with his task by making an ass of himself and the laughing stock of the town. The ringster on the other hand, having a definite object in view, pretends to be enamored of the pretty schemes of his innocent colleague and is thus enabled to use the well intentioned person as the godfather of schemes of the most lowly and selfish sort. Engineer Jennings having interfered with the schemes of some of our razor-backed aldermen, they determined to root him out of office and succeeded after enlisting some of their innocent brethren by pointing out that a great principle was at stake. The men most anxious for the removal of Mr. Jennings did not care whether he raised the salaries of his subordinates or not; they did not care whether he consulted the Council with regard to such increases or not. They were simply anxious to get rid of a man who for a short time has prevented the razor-backs from running his office and stealing what will be left to the city after this year's taxes are collected. There are always some fine theorists who believe in things they have read in books about popular government and power being retained in the hands of the people's representatives, who will sacrifice what is working well and profitably for the people in order to enforce their ill digested theories and unworkable philosophizings. Between the ringsters and the philosophers and those pinheads who are afraid of paying good salaries to good men, Engineer Jennings has been afforded a good excuse for resigning his position, and from a public works point of view the last stage of this city is worse than the first. We will probably return to our old condition and again become the victims of the incapacity of aldermen to conduct business which requires technical knowledge and the thievery of contractors who have silent aldermanic partners.

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Engineer Jennings has done much to improve our system and has got better value for the money expended than was possible under the old system or that which will probably follow his retirement. I have by no means agreed with everything that Mr. Jennings has done, nor is it possible to become a very enthusiastic admirer of men built out of the rather unusual clay from which our late city engineer seems to have been moulded. Yet he had a will of his own, was honest, energetic, and understood his business, and the very rudeness of him was necessary to resist the contemptible influences which were continually being brought to bear upon him. I admired him most when he refused to be whistled at like a dog, for if there is anything we need in an engineer in Toronto it is a man who refuses to be the cur of the administration.

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Even while doing his best I am convinced that Mr. Jennings was forced to acquiesce in many things to which his better sense objected. It was absolutely necessary for him to incur the enmity of so many people while doing his duty that he had to conciliate the Mayor and his *coterie*, who demanded from him the opinions necessary to cover their cowardice or conceal their incapacity. Mr. Jennings has had a hard row to hoe, and when it should have become easier he was forced to resign. His ability will not go begging any more than his good manners will make him a millionaire, and I imagine that had he dared to sharpen his knife for all the fools and knaves in the Council instead of for only a few of them, he would have had a better fate.

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In this connection it is impossible to pass over that ridiculous person, our City Solicitor, and the absurdity of agreements being acquiesced in by the Council, which have to be referred to the peculiar Mr. Biggar for interpretation. The aldermen seem to be quite unsettled in their minds as to the limitation originally set upon Mr. Jennings' power. As is usual with the City Solicitor, his opinion was just the same as that of his boss. Personally he may think that the world is round, but when his bosses are anxious for a contrary opinion Mr. Biggar is quite willing to assert that it is flat. Probably for a time it pays a city solicitor to be subservient to those who might make it disagreeable for him, but he has demonstrated to the citizens that his chronic legal opinion is that the city has no rights whatever and that he, the city solicitor, outside of this has no opinion whatever and that he, the city solicitor, is prepared to do nothing whatever except to facilitate raids on the civic treasury and on the people's rights. In fact, Mr. Biggar is an absurdity. He is worse than an absurdity; he is a nuisance, and Mayor Clarke before he leaves office, if he ever does, should take him away out in the woods, afar off and lose him. In view of the proximity of the next instalment of taxes, I think it would be safe for me to say that the public grief would be slight if the Mayor in taking precautions to effectually lose Mr. Biggar would get so far away that he himself would never find the way home.

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The city doctor and health officer is another man who is threatened with a new delimitation of his powers. Dr. Allen is trying to do his best. I think he has done very well indeed. Insomuch as he has refused to be the puppy and plaything of the administration he has become obnoxious, and more than once the aldermen have told him that they understand his business better than he does himself. This must be pleasant for Dr. Allen. If they keep on this tack I have no doubt that in the course of time they will be able to force Dr. Allen to resign, and everything that has been accomplished by him and his able assistants will be overthrown by the ward pets, who will be thrust into his office. Not being able to accomplish anything, the City Council seems anxious to get rid of everyone who has individuality enough to perfect the workings of a department. Popular government in Toronto is becoming a costly farce. By our blue laws we are driving away those who are not willing to let the policemen and parsons of this city become their judges in matters of private concern, while our public affairs are going amuck owing to a meaningless adhesion to the idea that the administration represents the people. We are forcing our most competent officials to resign, and by high taxes and extravagance are endeavoring with great success to make the city so expensive a place to live in that all those who cannot live without work must move out of it. Mr. Jennings and Mr. Jones were getting the roads and streets in something like half decent order and Dr. Allen is laboring to abolish stenches and typhoid fever, but these praiseworthy efforts seem to annoy the aldermen more than the insupportable taxes for which the administration is to blame. Of course the people can change all this, and of course the people won't do anything of the kind. Every man seems concerned so much with private business that he will neither serve the public himself nor insist upon good service from those that the public choose. The idle, the vain, the incompetent, the commercial profligates seem to be the only ones from whom to choose. It is only when this remarkably prosperous city, this magnificent and beautifully situated city, this city which has so many attractions stands face to face with a greater crisis than has yet interfered with her progress that the people will come to their senses and appreciate the fact that general government is the first, not the last business of business people.

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Let us give thanks that Parliament has been prorogued. The members of Parliament must be sick enough of their unwholesome task. They have well earned the addition to their indemnity which they have voted to themselves with so much alacrity, yet it seems a trifle funny that after a session devoted to the exposure of civil servants whose sin has been the appropriation of the people's money for overtime and other etceteras, Parliament should wind up a great scandal session by voting themselves five hundred dollars apiece for the same overtime and other etceteras. Thus by mutual consent the prosecutors of evil-doers have agreed to divide amongst themselves what the boodlers had not time to steal. It is quite evident that the average legislator was not very badly shocked by the disclosures, or he would not have dipped his hand into the treasury already greatly depleted by other hungry servants of this noble Dominion.

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The Governor-General who is paid, in salary and "keep," about a hundred thousand dollars per annum more than he earns, managed to get back from his fishing and summer outing in time to read the little speech prepared for him, though he bungled everything and sacrificed his dignity by having to climb back on the throne after he had left it. He, of course, has been duly horrified by the disclosures and other regrettable things, caused largely by other officials beside himself taking their ease instead of attending to business.

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"Uncle Tom" McGreevy was kicked out of the parliament in which he had been a universal favorite because he had taken that which wasn't "his'n." Yet I have no doubt that as soon as he is free from prosecution and comes back to Ottawa, members of parliament will cluster around him and ask him to take a drink, and be just as friendly as ever.

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Langevin has gone to Europe, but he has plenty of money and will have a good time insomuch as his heart is not the largest part of him nor his sensitiveness his best known attribute.

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Chapleau, who it seems to me is the greatest rascal in the Government or the Parliament, has not yet been given his *congé*. He need make no mistake, he will soon get it. He, too, is rich enough to have no fear that bread and butter may be lacking in the future. Some birds feather their nests. The French-Canadian politician has two nests; one he feathers for the future, taking no chances of having the feathers seized. Mr. Senecal is now keeping his "other" nest. The Grit politicians who have been so horrified at the disclosures, have gone home to figure out the chances of obtaining power and some of the plunder. The gentle Conservative yeomanry who have been so incredulous that anybody could be so bad as the Grits represented the boodlers to be, are now in their quiet homes giving very hearty thanks that some of the rankest and dirtiest jobs of all escaped exposure.

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The newspapers which have been horrified or incredulous, according to their party leanings, will go on and preach and be indignant according to their profit, and that useful but well worn veil of hypocrisy will as usual be worn by both the accused and the prosecutor. If this country could breed honest, able and aggressive men as fast as it breeds hypocrites and jelly-backs, we would soon have a change of luck and a decent public opinion.

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The English papers are wondering if the Canadian conscience has been aroused by recent disclosures. The Grit papers can hardly conceal their tears while asking if there is any conscience in the Tory party or the electorate generally. The Tory papers are indignant that the Grits have so little conscience as to make mountains out of mole hills and give this country a bad name by making rash accusations. I am sick of all this talk about conscience. What is conscience, anyhow? Is there such a thing as political conscience? In what country or person does it display itself? What has it accomplished? We may say that the British people were conscientious when they declared against slavery. Yes, it is a fact that those who did not keep slaves or profit by them forced those who did keep them and profit by them to abandon the business. The Northerners, who did not keep slaves, forced the Southerners to give freedom to the negro, and in both instances there was a certain wave of beautiful emotionalism excited which, appealing as it did to a man's love of liberty, was both justifiable and uplifting. But it wasn't conscience. It was simply a fight against a great evil, in which self-interest and a victorious and righteous cause were not in conflict. What won England over to free trade but self-interest? What has kept the United States from becoming a free trade nation but self-interest? What caused the opium war in China but self-interest, and where was conscience then? Where was conscience in all the 'bond-holders' wars of England? Where was conscience in Great Britain's fight with the United States? Where was conscience in the United States' robbery of Mexico? Where was conscience when France attacked Germany? Where was conscience when Germany took the provinces and the millards of France? Where is the Russian conscience? Where is the English conscience in India? Where was conscience in the Napoleonic wars? This talk about conscience in politics is rubbish. There is no such thing as a corporate conscience, a national conscience, and even when we come down to the individual conscience we have a great task before us before we can locate that "still small voice," which is said to prompt us to good and warn us against evil.

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When we observe the consideration which questions of right and wrong receive from individuals, a spiritual or god-like impulse from within is seldom, if ever noticed as interfering with a man who is making a deal profitable to himself.

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Conscience is an educated thing, an indefinite, elastic something which sometimes reminds us of its existence when we are but slightly tempted, and is most active after we have been tempted, have fallen and are hurt. The conscience of childhood is an echo of the voice of the mother or father, or of the one who has been kindest to us; the conscience of boyhood is the same gentle echo almost drowned in the opinion of schoolmates. The declared conscience of man is a reflex of the criticism of neighbors, the creed of one's church, possibly a reminder of the clack of a sewing circle or the torturing talk of an afflicted and offended family. In this political discussion conscience has been supposed to be an inflexible monitor which if it exists must guide us towards good things. As a matter of fact the political conscience which does not admit the necessities of the moment to be superior to any absolute doctrine of right or wrong, if discovered would be exhibited as a freak. Political conscience is the opinion of one's party, and it jogs along without any shame-facedness yoked to the necessities of one's party, and the pair of them drag the boodle and the boodlers, the bribers and the bummers and do the dirty work of the party without feeling at all disgraced. Sometimes a man who has failed to get an office or has had his prejudices outraged by his party, separates himself from it, and he is the most easily shocked man in the neighborhood. He has no affection for anyone politically, and consequently would be able to be just if his dislikes could be chloroformed long enough for him to find out whether it is personal pique or the "still small voice" which is working him into a rage.

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If one likes or dislikes the party or the personality of the local representative in Parliament, he winks at or is horrified by the conduct of said representative. During election times, men honest in the ordinary walks of life go about lying to the ignorant and purchasing the venal. They are often too proud to do such things for themselves, but they do it for others or for the party, and it seems all right. Election trials, whether they have unseated the candidates or not, have almost invariably proven one party to be at heart and in practice as corrupt as the other. The amount of boodle or the opportunities of using it or the ability with which a campaign is engineered, effects such results. It is not conscience. The man who goes about this country appealing to the conscience of the people would be called in by the political organization that sent him out, within a week. He would be laughed at in country schoolhouses, even by those ruralists whom we consider so innocent. If a man wants to move public opinion he must talk the price of wheat, the effect of the McKinley Bill and the price of eggs, barley and horses. Our so-called Reform friends have been talking conscience for a long while, and it has been such an ignominious failure that they must be convinced they were either boring in a dry hole or had a miserably dull auger, for they have struck no oil as far as the political market reports show.

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There may be great safety in public opinion. I believe the people when they express their opinion are right, for what they ask for is what they should receive. The public of this country have been asking for boodle. The dirty-handed voter, and he is not unknown in any constituency, wants from a dollar to ten dollars for his vote. The constituency expresses the corporate conscience of some twenty or thirty thousand electors, who want a postoffice or a drill shed, a canal, a harbor, a lighthouse or something else. The saintly provinces want railroads, increased subsidies, anything they can get from a portfolio to a license inspectorship. The manufacturers want tariff; the infallible church wants separate schools; the patriotic French-Canadian must have his language, and every conceivable interest I can remember, from the pulpit to the bar-room, has been shouting for its share of plunder and has had it, and yet there are those left who pound the screws out of their little newspaper pulpits while talking about conscience. Why, of course there isn't any conscience in our politics.

Why brethren, it is most laughably absurd,
It is the funniest thing I ever heard.

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Before Confederation Upper and Lower Canada wrangled and wrestled with each other, made compromises and trades until the "conscience" of this whole country was aroused by the spectacle, and by lying and cajolery, by purchase and perfidy Confederation was brought about. Since then conscience has been acting in the same old way. While the person or party or province is prosperous it has a conscience; when he or it gets hard up, boodle is the only balm that can be found in Gilead.

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It is but fair to ask what part the so-called Reform party has had in this carnival of political crime. Unable to obtain or retain power in Federal politics they became provincialists, and by sectarian cries have been enabled to obtain control of five of the seven provinces, and may be said to dominate in six. They have fought for provincial rights and endeavored in every possible manner to weaken and disconcert those who have been anxious for a strong Federal government. Ontario, which pays more than three-fifths of the total taxes, has been leader of the provincial movement. True, we have obtained timber limits, asserted ourselves as the holders of the licensing power and in other matters, while at the same time we have made it possible for the other six provinces to prey like vultures on the vitals of our prosperity. Mr. Mowat has obtained great kudos in saving at the spigget while he has been inviting the other provinces to hold their dippers beneath the stream of wealth that has flowed from the bunghole. Mr. Mowat has completed the trades begun by his predecessors, and has been corrupted by and has pandered to the Catholic Church until it is the chief factor in provincial politics. He has seized offices for his family and divided them among his retainers, diverted public moneys into private channels until no man now in provincial politics works for the good of the province or the country. He is cheered on by the prospects of an office or the hope of a whisky license.

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Quebec, it goes without saying, with a doubly adhesive power of race and religion, has stood like a solid phalanx extorting toll from politicians of every sort. From the very beginning it has been an established fact that Quebec had to be bought or fought The Grits fought and then bought. When the Grits fought the Conservatives bought; when the Grits bought the Tories fought, but Quebec always had a buyer. The Quebec politicians, with gay ribbons pinned on them like prize bullocks, have stood in the shambles for purchase ever since government was inaugurated in this country. From Bigot to Pacaud it has been the same, and the innocent *habitants* who are eating greedily of the crumbs that fall from the tables of their betrayers, rejoice and are glad to think that the bread has been stolen from the English, forgetful that their bosses, the priests and politicians, are eating the loaf from silver trays while they are licking up crumbs from the floor.

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It would be painful as well as unnecessary to enumerate the necessities of government by bribery, or to dwell on the instances where even the ministers of God have stood ready to become the tools of our political bosses. And yet the newspapers prate about conscience. What we need is not more conscience, but more sense. Race, religion, sectionalism, tariff, race, religion, postoffices, patriotism, pilfering, have been introduced until in politics the penitentiary has been just as clean as the pulpit or parliament. Nothing has been permanent or respectable except it has been backed by boodle. The loftiest attempts have failed because conscience or its results provide nothing negotiable—like the *Nation* newspaper which started in to proclaim that "Righteousness exalteth a nation and sin is a reproach to any people," and died and its plant is being

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used to print our local police gazette. Is it not the common fate of those who, in politics, appeal to what they call conscience?

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No country is safe which takes the risk of electing mediocre, unnoticed and unworthy people to offices of public trust simply because they are opinionless, consequently spineless. The man, the representative does as much as or more to shape public opinion than public opinion can possibly hope to accomplish in controlling him. When a small-beer politician holds a high place small-beer politics become prevalent. Individual opinion is crushed when a strong individuality becomes impossible. This impossibility is created by the electors refusing to accept men who think strongly, speak strongly and make enemies by the power of their criticism. When we find it necessary to offer brainless and opinionless men as candidates we must expect the electors to assume a similar attitude to that of the nominating committee.

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This system has been in force in Canada for many years. A man who is known to hold strong views, to have a strong individuality, to be aggressive, powerful, is considered dangerous and is passed over. It does not take long, in Canada it has taken but a few years to educate the voter into the belief that politics is a farce, a scramble for office and money. The result is a corrupt electorate, particularly in rural constituencies where life is narrow and educational influences weak. We have had and have, both in our Legislature and in the Dominion Parliament, an incapable and inconsequential outfit of men who are neither personally strong nor representative of any vivid idea of what is right, necessary or even prudent. Politics consequently have diminished until politicians are to us representative of only the weaker and less thoughtful of the people.

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Then again in this new country we tried the experiment of putting new wine into old bottles. A system which is barely workable in the United Kingdom is not workable at all in Canada. Fenianism, Irishism made it possible to produce a crisis in British politics when foreign complications rendered it necessary for the nation to present a united front. When Parnell was in his glory and before the Liberal Unionists separated from their party and became a new element in British councils, the balance of power was held by the disgruntled and unhappy section of the community in Ireland, and responsible government was threatened in the land where it was born.

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The Liberals have done much to discover and dissect the rottenness of politics, but the Grit party set the pace and have been simply outrun by their Conservative competitors. Politicians have observed that local interests had to be conserved, that is that localities had to be bribed and they have bribed them as they thought best for the party, arguing that it is not wrong to do evil that good may come. I am amongst those who think that good has come from Conservative rule and that we have had the only good and by the only methods possible with a petty and unpatriotic Opposition. That under these circumstances corruption has seized upon every branch of our government is not wonderful. If Canada has any conscience, any sense, any business ability whatever, how can Conservative domination be accounted for except by the fact that Reformers have offered nothing better? They have not had the men nor proposed measures sufficiently admirable to lure the voter from his attachment to the old man and the old policy. While I do not believe there is an active Canadian conscience, I do not hold for a moment that the Canadian elector is a fool. Conscience has not been a factor in elections; self-interest has been and is. In seeking to seduce this self-interest into opposition to our real interests Reformers have been more active, more blameworthy than Conservatives.

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When it came to the great fight which has about closed at Ottawa, a "hydraheaded monster of corruption" was as the leader of both parties. The Reformers were gathered under the piratical flag even while they were uttering the most pharisaical sentiments. Partizanship was manifested in every vote, in every attack. They were met by an equally indefensible partizanship on the other side. After the Grits had killed Sir Hector they wanted to mutilate his corpse. The Conservatives very properly I think, refused. The man's punishment has been severe. Even as it is it is sufficient, and the punishment should never be greater than is called forth by the crime palliated by the circumstances and made endurable by the fact that his judges shared in the divide. Mercier may be punished, he may not, though his sins be as scarlet. It is evident that patriotism has not inspired the Opposition; it is praiseworthy, from my standpoint at least, that the Conservatives have stuck together and have refused to be bamboozled by spurious sentiment. Mr. Abbott's cabinet is a new government, not responsible for the sins of our dead, great man, and by the way I may remark that there is no deader man in Canada just now than Sir John Macdonald.

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Our politics as exemplified by our votes proves that we are not undecided in our policy, but that we are utterly reckless in our choice of men. The world will probably last long after we are dead. The men we elect to political places, as a rule die before they have done anything. We may have no conscience. We have proportionately as much as the rest of the world. We haven't any too much sense or our prosperity would show it. We have enough at least to keep the Grit malcontents out of office. Altogether it shows to me at least that we are doing the best we can. Of many evils in policy we are choosing the least; of many men we are choosing the worst. The problem before us has been, I repeat, shall we buy or fight. Up to this period of scandal we have preferred to buy. From this out I hope we shall prefer to fight. If French Canada has to be either purchased or punished—and that seems to be the result of the whole matter—let us pound her into submission. We are not as pulpy a people as the world may suppose. Now is the time for us to judge of ourselves and our necessities. If the people will support those who have the proper policy and punish those who have none but selfishness, if when the two parties meet again in the constituencies instead of trying to outbid one another in bribery, instead of making rash promises to petty fidfous provinces they declare that from this time out be the superficial socialism of bribery shall be abolished, we may hope for a different sentiment, a different result, a different policy. But while bribery is the main business of both parties and politics is but partizanship looked at from different standpoints, we may hope for nothing better than we have.

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No better example of the absence of political conscience can be found than the instance of Mayor Porter of Belleville who, in defiance of the statutes made and provided, in company with a number of other local magnates voted twice for Mr. Corby, the member for West Hastings. No doubt Mayor Porter and his friends thought it very funny and quite smart to vote early and often, but when the excitement of the election being over Mr. Porter stood in court and was sentenced and lectured by that pure and upright man, Chief Justice Armour, he hung his head and was overcome with shame. This together with a day in jail and a hundred dollars fine made it a very disagreeable episode for Mr. Porter. Yet, if he had not been indicted and convicted he and his friends would have considered that double vote a very clever trick and the most honest man, the most patriotic citizen in Belleville—of Mr. Porter's political way of thinking—would not have refused to take Mayor Porter's hand because he had deposited a ballot too many.

There was a man of Connaught,
Who did what he hadn't ought,
And his little trick
Was thought very slick
Until the man got caught

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Our City Council has just as much right and shows just as much sense in voting five thousand dollars for the kilted regiment as if it appropriated a like amount for putting striped trowsers on five hundred horses. While we are groaning under a load of taxes it will be small comfort to know how robust or how skinny the legs of five hundred of our fellow citizens are. This is not Scotland; this is Canada. Kilts are just as suitable in this country as fur overcoats would be in South Africa. The whole thing was born of personal vanity, and has been nourished by the breast of a sentiment containing too little sense to know that a slipper vigorously applied has much more educational influence than a stick of taffy. A kilted Highlander in this country is a guy. In actual service he would get his bare legs frost-bitten on the first winter day he went out. He would have rheumatism for the balance of his life, and when he got too old to strut would wonder how he was fool enough to go into any such play-soldier scheme. If this silly freak is successful we may expect some colored barber to start a Hottentot regiment in which they won't wear anything but a long jab spear, a plug hat and a streak of yellow paint. It would be quite as sensible and the uniform would be less expensive, though in actual service the naked "naygur" might be less valuable than the frost-bitten and rheumatic Scotchman. I am partly Scotch myself and I like Scotchmen, but as a rule they are harder-headed and have more sense than is being exhibited by the promoters of this kilted outfit. It should be called off. The people are laughing at it, and if we must have an exhibition of Scotchmen's legs, let a prize be offered at the fair next fall, when, if the police do not interfere, the big-legged and pin-headed may turn out in their night shirts and be measured for a prize. In the meantime if the Scotch enthusiast wants a "keltie" regiment, let him sink his notorious frugality and pay for the plumes and pipes himself.

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Poor Boulanger! His has been a brilliant though somewhat eccentric career. Thirty-five years ago he was a sub-lieutenant; five years ago he was the hope and glory of France. Three years ago he made an ass of himself, that is, he did something which made him absurd. Though we are not French we have all done the same thing and can sympathize with him. In spite of it he was still the hope of those who believed in the possibility of France accomplishing her "revenge" and was feared because of the rumor that he was conspiring with the enemies of the republic, and was expelled. Like Parnell he had his Kitty. The gold of his mistress, Madame Bonnemain, to the extent of a million and a half of francs, was lavished to promote the cause of the man for whom she sacrificed her name and upon whom she had lavished the treasure of her virtue and affection. Like La dame aux Camellias, she died of consumption in July. The fame and popularity of the general were dying of the same deadly disease; friends were becoming cold, the woman so devoted to him was dead, the fortune which had supported him was gone. Alone, despairing, he went out to her grave and his suicidal hand sent a bullet crashing through his brain and he fell across the cold breast of his mistress's grave, dead! The end of a life and the end of a career; the end of a paragraph in history. Had I been in his place—a position I cannot imagine—I would have done the same. It was all over. What use was there for him to live on? It is contended that suicide is contrary to God's law. There are a thousand kinds of suicide. A man may kill himself with drink, with opium; he may end his life by his uncontrollable faculty of concentrating misery upon himself, but why should penniless and unhappy Boulanger, who had been the idol of the most brilliant nation in Europe, drag on a wretched life grinding a barrel organ or tugging at a string which kept a performing monkey from embezzling the sous he collected?

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We have all heard Boulanger's March. What an ending! Wolfe, quoting Gray's Elegy, felt that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." Yes, indeed. Everything leads to the grave. If there were nothing beyond it, the shortest route would be the best. I am a firm believer that there is something beyond, a grand, beautiful possibility for those who are worthy, but I am not sure that only the unworthy ones select the short and dreadful route of suicide. Much is forgiven genius. The sunset of hope, the darkness of night comes early to some who cannot read the book of hope by starlight, and they cry out in their loneliness, "O God why made me receive me," and die. They do not always trust Him least who thrust themselves into His presence, nor can we who stay behind and ask ourselves if we are glad we are alive, feel anything but a loving anxiety that their reception may not be unkind.

DON.

Social and Personal.

At Lady Macpherson's At Home last week I noticed some charming costumes, amongst which were that of Mrs. Dawson, a handsome black costume; Mrs. MacMahon, a crimson brocade with black and crimson bonnet; Miss Langmuir, a pink and white striped costume, hat to match; Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer, black and old pink brocade, bonnet black and pink; Mrs. Arthur Boswell, black lace and velvet with jet bonnet; Mrs. Langmuir, heliotrope costume, bonnet to match; Miss Campbell, cream and gold gown, hat of black lace and pink roses; Miss Strange, delicate green costume; Mrs. Allan Baines, pale green, with bonnet of black and pink; Mrs. C. Baines, claret-colored silk; Mrs. James Crowther, dove-colored silk, with trimmings of white lace, hat of white roses; Mrs. Henry Cawthra, dark blue silk and black lace; Mrs. Fisken, cream and terra cotta delaine; Mrs. J. MacDougall, gray and black brocades; Mrs. Charles Ryerson, cream and gold costume with hat to match; Mrs. Edwards, white embroidered lawn, with hat of black feathers; Miss Wilkie, gray and pink costume; Miss Turner, white lawn and black hat; Mrs. Goldwin Smith, black silk and lace with bonnet of heliotrope; Lady Gzowski, black silk and jet; Miss Macdonald, maize-color embroidered lawn, with hat of white feathers; Miss Beatty, gray embroidered silk and lisse; Miss Amy Beatty, pale green and white silk, with white vest embroidered with silver, hat of cream fancy straw with green velvet; Miss Lena Cawthra, white silk and hat of snowdrops; Miss Thorburn, cream lawn, with brown velvet hat; Mrs. Vernon, cream embroidered gown, hat of cream feathers; Mrs. LeFroy, costume of gray, with trimmings of pink and blue brocade, hat of gray and blue; Lady Macpherson wore a very handsome costume of dark violet velvet; Mrs. Bankes, black and white striped silk; Mrs. Ridout, cream costume and hat of black and gold; Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston, cream and pale blue silk costume.

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Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Robinson are back in Toronto and have taken up house at 25 Bellevue avenue.

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Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra of Yeadon Hall entertained a number of friends at dinner on Wednesday.

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Mr. J. Enoch Thompson has returned from Europe. Mrs. Thompson and family will spend the winter in Geneva, Switzerland.

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Monsieur F. Galbraith has returned from Paris.

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Mr. Charles Lindsay and family have returned to Beverley street from their summer residence, Battonwood, on the Humber.

*

Mrs. Dennistoun of Beverley street gave a very pleasant At Home on Tuesday afternoon. Amongst those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Major and Mrs. Leigh, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, Dr. and Mrs. Burrett, Rev. D. J. and Mrs. Macdonnell, Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer, Miss Daisy Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. McKenzie, Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Robbin, the Misses Dupont, Veale, Tully, Smith, Shanly, Messrs. Campbell, Smith, Strickland, Belcher and many others.

*

One of the prettiest weddings of the year was that which took place at St. Simon's church last Wednesday morning, the bride was Miss A. E. Mabel, only daughter of Captain Hooper of Rosedale, late of Her Majesty's 76th regiment, and granddaughter of Rev. Thomas Hooper of Albury, Surrey, and Venerable Archdeacon Coster of New Brunswick. The bridegroom was Mr. Ernest J. Wood, son of Thomas Wood, Esq., of Richmond, Surrey, England. The bride, who was attired in a white satin dress and tulle veil, with orange blossoms, was attended by seven bridesmaids, Miss Montgomery Campbell, Miss K. G. Eddis, Miss Leamell and four little girls. Mr. J. Hooper Eddis was best man, the other groomsmen being Mr. Carter Troop and Mr. Hugh Hooper. The four little bridesmaids brought up the procession two and two, hand in hand, carrying baskets of exquisite flowers. They were the Misses Eleanor and Penelope Leith, Miss Gambier Bonsfield, cousins of the bride, and Miss Frances Harrison. They formed a pretty picture by themselves, dressed in long creamy frocks down to their feet and large white Kate Greenaway hats. It was a pretty sight to see the smallest bridesmaids, who were between three and four years of age, going up the steps holding up their long frocks. One of the little ones, Miss Gambier Bonsfield, as the bridal party withdrew into the vestry to sign the register, remained in the chancel, not quite sure where to go. As she stood alone before the altar, looking down the church, with her flowers in one hand and her frock held up in the other, as pretty a picture as one would wish to see was presented. The service was choral. The bridal procession into the church was preceded by the choir, singing hymn 579. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Bertram Hooper, rector of Moncton, N. B., brother of the bride, assisted by Rev. T. Street Macklem, rector of St. Simon's. After the service the wedding party proceeded to Captain Hooper's residence, where a reception was held, refreshments partaken of and the usual healths proposed and responded to. The bride and bridegroom left for Niagara early in the afternoon.

*

A house wedding in one of the beautiful new residences of which St. George street boasts, took place on Thursday of last week, when Mr. Alexander B. Scott and Miss Janet McArthur were made one. Rev. J. D. Macdonnell officiated, and the guests comprised only the near relatives of the bride and groom. Mr. A. McArthur, uncle of the bride, and host of the assembled guests entertained them at a wedding breakfast, after which Mr. and Mrs. Scott left for Minnedosa, intending to make their home in the great North-West. The bride, who wore a rich and becoming traveling dress of dark blue cloth, was attended by Miss Florence McArthur, who was gowned in *grenat* cloth. Mr. George D. Scott, cousin of the bridegroom, acted as best man. A large number of chaste and beautiful presents were received from friends of the young couple.

*

Miss Simons of Chicago is visiting Mrs. A. McArthur of 119 St. George street.

*

Madame de Shadeney has gone to Detroit.

*

Dr. Barber of Edinburgh, Scotland, is visiting Sir Daniel Wilson. He is accompanied by Mrs. Barber, who, it will be remembered, was in former years a Toronto lady, being a daughter of the Hon. George Brown.

*

Mrs. G. T. Blackstock has returned to Toronto.

*

Several small *musicales* have been held during the last week.

*

Mrs. Walter Barwick has returned to town.

*

At the close of the rehearsal on Friday evening last, Mr. Geo. Bowles, the popular young organist of St. James' Cathedral, was presented by the members of the choir with a handsome marble timepiece, Mr. Bowles having recently decided to try if marriage is a failure or a success. The presentation was made by the Rev. Canon Du Moulin who made a happy and appropriate speech which was responded to briefly by Mr. Bowles.

*

A throng of friends, well-wishers, and curious folk filled and surrounded the Jarvis street Baptist church, Thursday evening of last week, to witness the marriage of Miss Gertrude Mary Thomas, second daughter of the pastor, Dr. Thomas, and Mr. George Watson Holmes, one of Toronto's promising young lawyers. The wedding took place about eight o'clock, and the bridal party consisted of the bride and groom, two bridesmaids and their escorts. The bride wore cream silk with train, pearl, jewels and *Medici* collar. Her dark hair was covered by the usual veil, and she carried a sheaf of lovely white roses. The bridesmaids wore silk and lace cream dresses. The bridal pair left for a honeymoon in the States and on their return will reside at 20 St. James avenue.

Dr. J. F. Danter, who for years practiced in Toronto, and is now living in Chicago, is visiting this city, representing the health resorts of New Mexico. He was the special commissioner of the American Health Resort Association and spied out the land for them in search of a suitable resort for consumptives. The doctor is now first vice-president of this exceedingly beneficial organization, the object of which is to ascertain reliable facts concerning climate, health resorts and mineral waters for the information of the medical profession in America and Europe.

*

Mrs. Frank Hodgins of Cloyewood, Rosedale, gives an At Home this afternoon.

The Sunbeam Club of little girls held a bazaar at the residence of Mr. W. H. Howland, Queen's Park, on Saturday last, in aid of the Old Women's Home. The energetic little ladies realized the handsome sum of sixty dollars from the sale of their wares. The members of this useful and praiseworthy circle are the Misses Minnie and Isabel Howland, Florence Baird, Eleanor and Lillian Goldstone, Evelyn Robertson, Edith Vandersmissen, Grace and Ethel Hogaboom, Olive Page and L. Stevenson.

*

Among the many fashionables who graced Rotten Row this week in stylish turn-outs were: Lady Macherson, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mrs. George Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Dobell of Quebec, Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. H. Hand, the Misses Beatty, Miss Frances Smith, Miss Park, Mrs. John Foy, Mrs. Strachan Cox, Mrs. and the Misses Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Rutherford, Mrs. Riordan and Miss Bunting, Mrs. and the Misses King-Dodds, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. A. K. S. Vankoughnet, the Misses Homer Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. John Small, Messrs. Hamilton McCarthy, G. Stimson, A Boyd, J. MacDonald, S. M. Jarvis, B. Cawthra, Fraser Dickson, S. Small, F. Beardmore, Vaux Chadwick, Major Harrison, Lieut. Lawrie and Dr. Frank Cowan.

A pretty and fashionable wedding took place at All Saints' Church, Cannington. The contracting parties were Mr. James A. Whiteside of the postoffice department, Toronto, eldest son of T. R. Whiteside of the Public school Board, Toronto, and Miss Helena Harriett Hoyle, eldest daughter of W. H. Hoyle of this place. The bride was beautifully attired in cream silk decorated with natural flowers. The bridesmaids were Miss Helena Whiteside of Toronto, sister of the groom, and Miss Hattie L. Mark of Lindsay, cousin of the bride. The groom was assisted by Mr. James Aikins and Mr. Arthur Crate, both of Toronto. The Misses Mabel and Edith Hoyle, sisters of the bride, were the little maids of honor. Mr. G. J. Hoyle and Mr. J. L. Robinson acted as ushers. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. E. Carswell, M. A., pastor of the church, assisted by Rev. C. H.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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In Rain and Sunshine.

WE shall have plenty of rain soon, to balance the fine weather which has made September of '91 verily a golden month; and I went the other day to look at waterproofs in anticipation of a visitation from Jupiter Pluvius. If any one thing has evoluted from hideousness to beauty, surely it is the waterproof cloak—from the smelly, sticky, funereal looking garment which clothed our respected mothers some twenty years ago, to the dainty, light, shapely, becoming wrap which our sweet selves wear in wet weather. In my inspection of modish waterproofs I found pretty designs from three dollars and upwards—very much upwards—to the twelve dollar silk garment or the tweed finish, warm, substantial and fashionable. For dainty wear, a silk and wool mixture, in plaids, checks and stripes, can be had in excellent quality in warranted goods, for five dollars. And the shape and pattern of the rubber goods of to-day seem incapable of improvement. A jaunty, neat-fitting waterproof, which is long enough to conceal any sort of skirt for a wet day, makes rainy weather less of a bugbear to those stirring souls whose pastime or business takes them abroad.

•

Of making of bonnets there is no end. The porkpie crown, the pointed cone, the flat, bulging beef-eater and the wide beaver brim jostle each other on the tall, brass uprights of the fashionable millinery shops. A pretty, light fawn hat for a little miss, with a wide beaver brim, would make the Humane Society mad, for it has a picnic party of sweet little blue birds on it—no less than three are nestling among the fawn ribbon bows or perching on the brim. Another for little miss's mamma has a beef-eater crown of cream velvet, a roll of black velvet for a brim, and a dozen soft little yellow tips cuddled all around the base of the beef-eater crown, and nodding in a soft dainty ring that could not but be becoming. Another pretty little crimson or rather *fareau* red hat-bonnet, has the narrow brim slashed in squares, each square edged with a narrow jeweled band. This shape seemed very becoming and is perfectly novel. But among so many styles it is possible for every woman to suit her own face, if she will but study it and not be deluded by the milliner or tempted by a taking novelty into rendering herself a guy for the remainder of the season. Some of the newest English felts, which are *de rigeur* for autumn and early winter, are square-crowned and slightly tapering, instead of softly dinted in the middle. The short face veil is coming back to favor, as it must, if a veil be worn with these trim hats. Some of the hatters and milliners show tweed hats, with a double fan of small flat ribbon loops up and down the front, pressed and stitched trimly back, rather a stiff and trying decoration. Again comes a variation of the gathered and gilt-braided navy blue outing hat, being a wide-brimmed fine felt, caught up and fastened behind in five places and trimmed with a soft bow of very wide silk ribbon on the crown, with the loops and ends coming forward. These hats cost $3.00 or $3.50, but are, to my mind, rather dowdy, except for very large, tall girls.

•

I saw such a pretty apron the other day, which had a contrivance for sustaining the bib front which was more satisfactory than pins or shoulder straps. The model was of cream washing silk, with coffee-colored lace, and had a feather-stitched garniture in brown silk; the square bib had two long strips of the silk fastened to its upper corners. These were carried back over the shoulders, crossed behind like braces, passed through loops in the ends of the waist belt and tied in a trim bow, with the ends hanging. It was quite a decorative adjunct to my lady's dainty black silk dress.

•

Among October importations in coats I came across the Charles the Ninth, a beautifully fitted cloth coat to which a plush cape is attached on the shoulders, hanging thence full and free without being belted in at the back. This garment is delightfully graceful and picturesque. Black capes are to be worn with colored costumes. They are made of velvet, short napped plush and rich brocades. The neck must have a ruche of lace or feathers. The fashionable cocks' feathers are the choice for a ruche and the new fluffy black fur called Mongolian is very much favored for the same purpose.

•

Pretty little capes for the theater and for driving are of light colored faced cloth, lavender, blue, fawn or gray, lined with black satin and ruched round the neck with black lace or chiffon, with a deep frill falling on the shoulders—the cape part, which is gathered to a yoke under the frill of chiffon, is twenty-seven inches deep. Fancy the daintiness of one of these little capes made of lavender cloth edged with Russian sable, opening over a Marie Antoinette fiction of sky blue chiffon, which crosses on the breast and is fastened at the back under the mantle.

•

In the autumn colors, fashion publications announce a slight falling off in richness of tint—green makes vigorous efforts to hold its own. Brown comes in many shades and will be very popular—that delicate new brown, the very newest shade, is called *chocca* and is a sort of creamy chocolate color. *Faience* is a delicate old blue, exquisite for a dress of ladies' cloth, to be worn by a pure blonde. Serpent is a rich green, while *datura* is a purplish, dull, dark blue, useful and appropriate for elegant reception robes worn by ladies past their first youth. *Mandarin*, a daring and vivid reddish orange, is only for the dusky brunette, whose clear complexion and deep-shaded eyes are set off by a color no one else could successfully wear.

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Interest will attach to the rich and multi-colored designs in ribbons—gold and tinsel effects, two-toned ombre ribbons, reversible satin and terry velvet—and the ornamentation generally of the season, whether in ribbons, feathers, tips or whatever is the fashionable vogue.

No one will pass the mantle display. A fashionable coat and a fashionable hat or bonnet—are you not set up then? You find both with us. Nothing that's new in mantle stocks will be found missing.

Take your cue from the story of a millinery and mantle opening as telling the tale of the season's opening in all lines—silks, dress goods, muslins, underwear, etc., etc.

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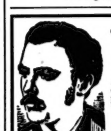

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BOOK II.—CHAPTER I.

MARIE DE FEURGET'S CONFIDENCES; THE VILLA BY THE MEDITERRANEAN.

I am dull, hatefully, miserably, wretchedly dull. There's a confession to start with! Away from the convent, really in the outside world of which we girls used to talk so much, and—dull! Once I should have laughed at the very idea, and laughed more than ever at the idea of being driven to write down all my thoughts in this silly school-girl fashion. I wish I were back at the convent! I wish I were anywhere but here! I do not yet I dare not tell *mon pere* so, for it would make him very unhappy—very angry, too, I expect. He would call me ingrate! unduthful! *mechante!* Ah! I know exactly what he would say. I suppose he is fond of me, too! He must be! He buys me pretty things, and he is always bidding me amuse myself. But how can I when I am always alone? He is so fond of solitude himself that I suppose he thinks it is best for everyone else too; but it is so dull. He does me quite—never! I have not a single girl friend—not one; and not even an acquaintance of the other sex. Annette tells me that they call him the misanthrope in the village. It is very disagreeable to have a father who is a misanthrope!

I wonder whether he has really any great trouble. Sometimes I think that it must be so, and then I feel very sorry for him. I thought so when we came back from our awful visit to England! What a terrible time that was! Those poky little lodgings, that awful funeral! we never stirred in strange manner all the time! It makes me shudder to think of it all. And why should we have changed our name while we were there, too? Ah! it was all very odd; but there was one thing about it which I shall never forget.

Ah, well, you have one advantage, you great untidy note book, though you are a queer sort of companion you won't tell tales, and I can confess to you what I wouldn't even whisper to anyone in the world, not even to Annette, for though she is a very good girl, she is a dreadful gossip! I would like, oh, so much, to see him just once more. I wonder if he has even thought of me at all! I don't suppose so! He is a great noble, *mon pere* says, and we are—well, nobody very much. I wish that we were different, that everything was different. How I wish that we were of his order, and could go somewhere, to a great dance or a reception, and meet him unexpectedly, and he would be so surprised, and——but this is awfully silly. I mustn't write any more nonsense like this or I shall begin to be ashamed of myself, and close you up for ever, my silent confidant! Of course he has forgotten all about me by this time! Of course he has—and yet I wonder whether he has quite? He must see so many girls ever so much nicer than I am, and they must all like him. Ah me, how dull I am; and what a dreary world this is! I wish that I could think of something fresh to do, or that something would happen; I wouldn't mind much what! Of course it won't though. I think I'll go to bed, and get up and see the sun rise. Good night, you stupid old book.

Last night I way praying for a change of any sort. Well, it has come; and, slight though it is, I am glad of it. Sometimes *mon pere* seems to weary of his dull, learned books and his long, lonely walks and visits to his sick peasioners, and then he goes off down into the little town and into the Casino reading room, never stopping there very long, and seldom noticing or speaking to any of the strangers there. These visits seldom do him much good; nay, he generally comes back more restless and melancholy than ever. This week he has been twice—a very rare occurrence; and this afternoon, on his return, he called me to him and told me briefly that he had invited guests to dinner, and that he should expect me to receive them. Of course I was very much surprised, but, on the whole, I was pleased. Why should I not have been? It was the very first time since we had come to live at the cottage that such a thing had happened. Perhaps *mon pere* means at last to break through his strange, melancholy ways and have friends, like other people. If he only would, it would be so much nicer. There were no ladies, he said, only gentlemen; but of course I was glad of it for he could scarcely have asked ladies to dine here, even had he known any, without their having called on me first. He was going away in his study without telling me any more, but I coaxed him into having tea with me on the balcony, and then he told me all about it.

"You are a very curious young person, Marie," he said, "but I suppose you won't rest till I've told you all about it. When I was at the Casino on Monday there was a very nice English boy there with his tutor. I don't know why, but I took rather a fancy to him, and as we were at the same table we talked together for some time. Of course he told me all about himself—an Englishman always does that. It seems that his name is Carlyon, and he is supposed to be reading for an examination with a tutor who is traveling with him. The tutor is a stupid, careless sort of fellow, who has never been out of England before, and who, on the last person in the world to have the charge of a high-spirited lad like Carlyon, who seems just one of those boys who are born to get into mischief. I remember thinking something of the sort when I left them on Monday, and today I find that I was right. There is a fellow named D'Aubron always haunting about the Casino, a very pleasant, gentlemanly fellow on the surface, but in reality an adventurer, a card-sharper—in short, a blackleg. It seems that he has managed to ingratiate himself somehow with both Carlyon and his tutor, and unless someone manages to put a stop to it the result is very obvious. I heard D'Aubron ask young Carlyon to dine with him this evening, and while he was hesitating I asked them all to dine with me instead. It was the only thing I could think of at the moment. Carlyon accepted at once, and so I am sorry to say did D'Aubron. That is the history of our dinner party."

"But how about the dinner?" I asked, for though our cook was a good one I doubted whether she would be prepared at so short a notice.

"I have seen to that," he said, rising. "I am going into the library now. Do not forget that dinner is at eight o'clock."

Forget! Was it likely that I should forget? I went slowly to my room, and then Annette, thinking over what my father had told me. How good and charitable he was. What a pity that he was so gloomy and reserved, and so little like other men.

Annette was almost as pleased as I was, when I told her about it, and after a long consultation, during which most of my evening dresses were brought out and laid upon the bed, we fixed upon the one which I was to wear. It was my very best dinner-gown, and ivory-colored silk, and Annette got me some lovely Parma violets, and altogether I think that I looked—rather nice.

Well, I was a little late, because Annette would insist upon so many finishing touches, and when I reached the drawing-room I found that they had arrived before me, waiting for me to go to dinner. I was rather shy when I opened the door, but *mon pere* came to meet me at once and took me by the arm. Then he took me up, and introduced me to our guests. They were all talking together when I entered, but they left off at once, and there was such a silence that it made me feel quite uncomfortable, especially when I looked up and found them all staring very hard, as though surprised to see me. Afterwards I found out that my father had never mentioned my existence, so it must have seemed rather odd to them to see me come in.

I was introduced to each one separately, first to Mr. Carlyon. He bowed so awkwardly, and blushed like a school girl, but I liked him better than any of the rest. He was quite tall, and had such a bright open face with blue eyes and brown curly hair. He was just what I had expected, only nicer. Then there was Monsieur D'Aubron. He was a tall, sallow young man, with black mustache and eyes, and rather prominent teeth. I didn't like him at all. He looked at me coldly, and yet familiarly, and I felt so low that I thought he must be going to kiss my fingers or do something absurd. And he made such a ridiculous little speech, too, about the unexpected pleasure, and all that sort of nonsense. I took no pains to pretend not to hear it, and I turned my back upon him as soon as I could. Mr. Brown, Mr. Carlyon's tutor, was the last of the three to whom I was introduced. He was rather a young-looking man with red hair and whiskers, large spectacles and a very polite expression. He didn't look at all the man likely to have any authority over anyone—least of all over a high-spirited boy like Arthur Carlyon.

Very soon after our arrival, a strange manservant—we only kept three maids at the villa, so he must have been engaged specially—announced that dinner was served, and I asked Mr. Carlyon to take me in, and the poor boy did blush so when he gave me his arm. I was glad it was dark, though, for I felt that I should like him. When we reached the dining-room—a room which we scarcely ever used—I had quite a surprise. There was some new furniture, which I had never seen, and the table was beautifully decorated with silver and glass and choice flowers. The conservatory, which had been empty ever since we had been at the villa, was filled with palms and exotics, and a fountain was playing softly in the middle, and colored lights hung around, so as to fall upon the spray. Then there were two menservants to wait at table, and from the many dainty courses I knew that there must be a strange cook downstairs, for usually our dinners were quite plain. I tried to look quite dignified, as though I were not surprised and were quite used to it all, but I fear I was not very successful. It did seem so queer.

There was plenty of conversation during dinner time. Mr. Carlyon soon found his tongue, and amused me very much, and told me all about his home, and his horses, and dogs, and about the scrape which he had got into at college through a practical joke, and which had resulted in this continental trip. He talked so frankly about everything, and said such odd things, that I laughed more than, I am afraid, was quite proper. Then my father and Mr. Brown started a literary conversation, which seemed to become very interesting to both of them. Monsieur D'Aubron alone remained almost silent, and paid attention to his dinner. Several times my father reluctantly broke off his conversation with Mr. Brown and spoke courteously to him, but the result was always the same. Monsieur D'Aubron was evidently sulking. At last, *mon pere* left him alone, and I was glad of it. How I did dislike that man. I positively hated him. There was somehow an indefinable air of wickedness about him. I knew that he was a bad man, and a woman's instinct is rarely at fault in such matters.

Now and then I found myself watching my father, partly in wonder, partly in admiration. It was hard to believe that this was the same looks had been such a dead weight upon my mind whose morose moodiness and gloomy, troubled happiness. He was an admirable host. Notwithstanding his long solitude his manners were perfectly easy and natural, and he would have thought that he had made a special study of entertaining dinner-guests. There was a quiet cordiality in his manner which, coupled with the dignified courtesy of his speech, made him, to my mind, perfectly charming. Then, too, his appearance was so much altered. The weary languor, which had dwelt in his face and dulled his eyes so long, was gone, and it was succeeded by a gentle animation which transformed his features and made him positively handsome. It did me good to look at him.

As soon as it seemed to me that the proper time had come, I rose and left them to their wine. Mr. Carlyon hurried forward and opened the door for me, and in his hurry managed to tread upon my skirts and tear them badly. But I couldn't feel angry with him. He looked so sorry and distressed at his awkwardness, and made so many incoherent but evidently sincere apologies that I felt quite sorry for him. So I smiled and told him that it did not matter, and that Annette could repair the mischief in a few minutes, which was not quite true. Then I went into the drawing-room, and Annette came and did the best she could with some pins, for I did not feel like changing my dress. I had seen my father look approvingly at it, and I knew myself that it looked nice. So I let Annette patch me up as well as she could, and listened with a smile to her voluble complaints about the clumsiness of all men, especially Englishmen.

CHAPTER II.

A MONOTONY BROKEN.

I don't think I ever felt more restless than I did that evening. I couldn't read, I couldn't even play. At last I opened the French windows and went out on the balcony. Our villa is beautifully situated, right on the summit of a steep hill, with a plantation of pine and drooping cypress trees all around, and the boughs of which we can just catch glimpses of the Mediterranean far away below. In front there is a small flower garden, and a winding drive leads through the latter up to the entrance. There is a wooden balcony all round the house, which is built in the Swiss style, and it was out on this balcony to which I took my chair when I left the drawing-room.

It was a lovely night, such a night as only we dwellers in the southern lands are permitted to enjoy. The sky and air were as clear as mid-day. The former, cloudless and of deepest blue, was jewelled with countless softly burning stars, and the latter was faintly swayed by the slightest of odorous sea breezes, which on its way from the ocean seemed to have caught up some of the sweetest scents from the clustering beds of flowers. Low on the ground and hovering round the tops of the dark trees clouds of thin white mist were beginning to form, but save where it was thickest it was too transparent to conceal, and seemed more like a succession of fanciful wreaths curling themselves into phantom-like shapes. Through the dark boughs of the silent trees I could catch faint glimpses of the sea, glittering like a silver lake in the light of the yellow moon, and away in front of me the black hills stretched their dim, cloud-betopped heads towards the sky. Truly such a night was beautiful, and I felt very far I was from being happy in it. Perhaps I was a little unreasonable, but monotony of any sort is wearisome to the young, and my life was very monotonous. If I had had just one girl friend to whom I could have talked freely, I might have felt it less, but there was none. None to whom I could speak freely of my troubles, no one of whose sympathy I could be sure. I have said troubles, for that is the only phrase, apart from my loneliness my father, and his strange behavior at times, was a very great trouble to me. He had always been gloomy and reserved, but since that dreadful visit to London, which I can never forget I wonder sometimes whether his mind is not giving way. Kind and charitable though he is to the poor, and gentle in his manners and speech, his good deeds seemed to bring him little peace or satisfaction. Always he seemed to be struggling with some hideous trouble or recollection which clings to him like a nightmare and is wearing him down to a shadow. Sometimes I hear him rise in the middle of the night and go out, and from my window I can watch him pacing swiftly up and down amongst the pine trees and across the lawn, with ghastly face and wild gesticulations. I have seen him stretch out his hands passionately to the silent heavens, and have seen his white lips moving rapidly in frantic supplication. But to me he is silent. He will tell me nothing. He will bear his grief alone, and in silence, and he will not suffer me to speak of it to him. Sometimes I long to throw my arms around his neck and to implore him to let me share it with him, but something in his manner always checks me, and I dare not. It is strange that with him for my sole companion I am not happy!

The sound of someone entering the drawing-room behind disturbed me, and I looked in through the half-open window. Mr. Carlyon was there, standing just inside the doorway with his hands in his trowsers pockets, and glancing around with a very disconsolate expression. Evidently he had come to look for me, and was disappointed—very disappointed he appeared—to find the room empty. I could I stay where I was and take the chance of his finding me, or should I go in? I did not hesitate long. I went in.

He was in the act of quitting the room when I entered it, and I had to call him back. He turned round and came towards me as quickly as with a pleased smile on his handsome boyish face.

"Hope I'm not disturbing you, Mademoiselle de Feurget," he said, apologetically. "You see your father and old Brown—my tutor, you know—are deep in a discussion on Rousseau, and D'Aubron is sulky as a bear about something or other, and you see—"

I stopped him, laughing.

"You needn't make so many excuses for coming in to talk to me," I said. "It isn't complimentary. I'm very glad to have you, I'm sure. You're not interested in Rousseau, then?"

"Not I," he answered, coming and standing by my side at the window. "Seems to me that he was such a sentimental sort of a chap. Jolly night, isn't it?"

"Very," I answered. "I was out on the balcony enjoying it when you came in. It seems long have you been in St. Marien, Mr. Carlyon?" I continued.

"About ten days; that is all. I don't know that we should have stopped so long, only Brown's father sweet on the place."

"And do you like it?"

"Well, as mouldy as most of these poky, little continental towns," he admitted, grudgingly. "I don't like any place so well as England, though, and a great deal too hot here for me. Don't you find it so?"

"No, I don't think so," I answered. "But then, of course, I never attempt to go out in the middle of the day, and perhaps I am more used to it, too. You see I have lived in France all my life."

"How well you speak English!" he said, admiringly. "Your people are all French, then, I suppose?"

My people! What grim irony it sounded! If only he could have known what a heartache his simple words gave me! I leaned back in my chair, and for a few moments I forgot his very existence. My thoughts were no longer my own; they had strayed back through the long dull years of my girlhood, back to my earliest remembrance. Everywhere they were dragged in sadness. Was there ever a cruel loneliness in the very thought that my memory was powerless to recall even my mother's face? When I strove to think of her there was a dull blank. Through all those long weary years of childhood, of girlhood, and now of womanhood, there had been no one to care for me, no one nearer than stern old Madame Duponte, my head governess at the convent, and even now were things much better? I had a father, it is true, but he was to me as utterly a cold distracted sort of affection to offer me, whose strange manner of life was a constant mystery, and who met every question of mine as to our relatives, our past, and my mother, with stern silence or agitated admonitions. Perhaps the tears glistened in my eyes for a moment at Mr. Carlyon's innocent question. At any rate, something in my manner must have told him that his words had touched a painful chord, and he looked up at me appealingly.

"I'm so sorry," he said humbly. "I always was a clumsy sort of fellow. You're not angry with me!"

"Of course not," I answered lightly. "You have said nothing clumsy, either. And now I'm have some tea, shall we not? Do you mind ringing the bell?"

He sprang up with unnecessary haste, and rang it with quite unnecessary vigor. I noticed some tea from the alarmed servant, who came hurrying in. After that conversation languished for a few minutes, and as Mr. Carlyon still appeared distressed, I was obliged to try and explain to him a little.

"It was very silly of me just now," I said, "but I feel very lonely sometimes, and your words seemed to remind me of it. I have no one but my father, you know."

"But you have some friends, of course?"

I shook my head a little sadly.

"None?"

He looked quite distressed and bewildered, too.

"But, Mademoiselle de Feurget," he exclaimed, "it must be perfectly dreadful for you. Do you mean to say that you don't know anywhere, and that no one comes to see you? Doesn't your father know any of the people here?"

"I suppose he knows them," I answered, sighing. "In fact, I know that he does; but he is quite a recluse. He will not go into any society at all."

"That must be very bad for you," he said, feelingly. "It was awfully good of him to ask me here, if that is the case, I——"

There was a knock at the door, and the sound of someone entering. Mr. Carlyon and I both looked round, and he forgot to finish his sentence.

(To be Continued.)

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Spending It.

A Newport young blood can spend a great deal. He pays anything from one hundred to three hundred dollars a week for his quarters for six or eight friends, and if he gives a dinner to a choice selection of belles, he throws in another hundred dollars on the decorations and hand-painted menu cards. A quiet corner in the Casino tower and the fizzing of champagne lower his exchequer fifty or seventy-five dollars in an evening and make his companions happy. He drops into Billington's and eats broiled live lobsters, washed down with fizz, and is out, say, fifty dollars. He hires the big Bowling, and seating twelve friends, has a ride to Point Judith and back, clears the dust from the twelve parched throats while a luncheon is being prepared, and finds another hundred dollars gone to the dogs. Yachting he does not indulge in, for there are no yachts to hire, but, unless it is that of a friend who has dropped in port for the day. He pays four dollars a bottle for wine, forty cents for a mint julep, thirty cents for a cocktail, and twenty-five cents for a small bottle of lager. Brandy-and-soda stands him for seventy cents, and every time he orders a drink he tips the waiter, who ingeniously arranges the change so that a dime or a quarter sticks in the centre of the tray, and what man who wants the world to believe that he is blooded will fish for that coin? The Casino waiters make a good day's pay each out of tips worked in that way. The story comes from Cape May of a man who paid one hundred and ninety dollars for himself and family for three days. It is not every man who can afford to pay sixty dollars per day for the necessaries of life. Atlantic City seems to be the cheapest of all summer resorts for either the best or moderately good accommodation. For a refreshing extreme take Bar Harbor. There are cottages there among those who live handsomely and entertain largely whose expenses run all the way from fifteen thousand dollars to twenty-five thousand dollars per season. There are others, again, and these comprise the greater number, whose living expenses are kept well within from seven to ten thousand dollars; and more than one could be named, and these among the old conservative, moneyed, and aristocratic families of Boston and New York. Dissipation, summer expenses, all footed, would hardly run over five thousand dollars. Up on the Catskills is another place where the "bloods" spend money. George Gould pays forty dollars a day. Mrs. Langtry used to pay that much for wine every day. But you can live there for a few dollars a day if you wish, and the result of these inquiries is that there is no limit to the price one can pay for a summer outing.

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Smith—One of Jones' sons was an idiot. What became of him?

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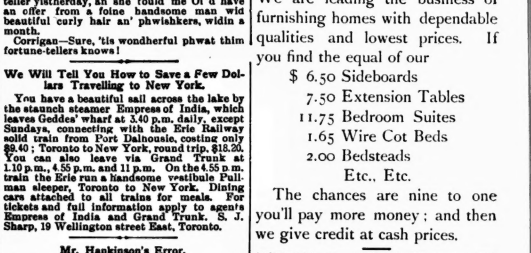

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Mr. Hankinson's Error.

"Before you coldly reject me, Laura Kajones," said the excited young man, getting on his feet and speaking with the eagerness of a grand stand crank shouting to old Cliff Carroll to pound out another three-bagger, "I want you to hear what I have to say. A cat can look at a queen, Miss Kajones, and the humblest individual on the footstool has a right to aspire to the fairest and best of earth's possessions. Nature knows no aristocracy. She bestows the same bounties on the same kindness, like same fostering care on the cockle burr that she does on the $10 orchid. Men are equal. Why shouldn't I dare to lift my eyes to you? I am as good a man as George Ferguson any day. He hasn't the capacity to love you a thousandth part as well as I do. Who is George Ferguson, anyhow? Why should I be afraid to rush to where George Ferguson doesn't fear to tread? Who made George Ferguson any better than—"

"Mr. Hankinson," interposed the young lady, "will you listen to me a moment?"

"A moment, Laura? I'll listen an hour, a month, a——"

"A moment will do, Mr. Hankinson," said Miss Kajones, yawning dismally. "You are simply talking through your hat."

Economy in Cigars.

A well known business man walked into a cigar store the other day and took out two coins. One was a dollar and the other a half dollar. He laid them both down on the case and pointed to a box of imported cigars, saying: "Give me a dollar's worth of those." The clerk handed them out and the buyer laid the six dollar bill down a now along the case. Then he said to the clerk: "Give me half dollar's worth of any good five-cent cigar." The clerk did as he was bid and the five-centers were laid along in a row also. The buyer then took the row of imported cigars and cut the ends off of them all. Then he mixed the five-centers and the twenty-centers up together and put them all into his capacious vest pockets.

A friend who was standing near, and who had watched the operation with a good deal of curiosity said: "Wherefore?" "Simply this, my boy," replied the man addressed. "I am in a business where I have to give away a good many cigars. I am a man who likes a good cigar, I cannot afford to give away the kind of cigars that I smoke myself, so I buy a day's supply and cut the ends off. Then I buy some cheap ones. When it is necessary for me to give away a cigar I pull out a handful and offer one to the person, whoever he may be. He thinks that the ones with the ends cut off I have had in my mouth, and takes one of the cheap ones, whereby I save a good many dollars in the course of a year and also keep myself on good terms with the people to whom it is necessary to give cigars.

A Freak of Fate.

by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine's by Walter Besant, The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues of the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

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THE LEADING HOTEL

Atlantic City seems to be the cheapest of all summer resorts for either the best or moderately good accommodation. For a refreshing extreme take Bar Harbor. There are cottages there among those who live handsomely and entertain largely whose expenses run all the way from fifteen thousand dollars to twenty-five thousand dollars per season. There are others, again, and these comprise the greater number, whose living expenses are kept well within from seven to ten thousand dollars; and more than one could be named, and these among the old conservative, moneyed, and aristocratic families of Boston and New York. Dissipation, summer expenses, all footed, would hardly run over five thousand dollars. Up on the Catskills is another place where the "bloods" spend money. George Gould pays forty dollars a day. Mrs. Langtry used to pay that much for wine every day. But you can live there for a few dollars a day if you wish, and the result of these inquiries is that there is no limit to the price one can pay for a summer outing.

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Brown—He got a position as a truck-driver, and is getting along well.

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An Elaborate Murderer.

The twinmen, who at the outset of this possible case were in the station at the outer end of an Adirondack railway, had been physical counterparts at birth; but between the age of forty winks and forty years they had grown into a difference of appearance. This account will tell how they became too alike again in a manner very singular indeed. Jasper Haden was lean. Joseph Haden was fat. In that disparity of size lay the contrast which had nearly obliterated all similarity. Both had grown to precisely the same height, and it is not likely that their skeletons, if the two hundred pounds of flesh had been removed from the one and the one hundred from the other, would show anyone any marked contrast, save in one particular—Jasper had lost his left foot. It had been cut off at the ankle. Nevertheless, he had won in a fleet mercantile race for wealth, while his brother had lagged in poverty as a physician and surgeon.

"Two tickets for Tupper Lake and return," said Jasper to the young man inside the window.

The face of Jasper was emaciated, and its complexion was wan. Many invalids go into the Adirondacks and die there. Jasper looked like that kind of a traveler; but in fact he was not very badly off for health, and had the impulsive way of using his fair degree of strength.

"Did you say, 'and return?'" the ticket-seller asked, with a look and a tone commiserative of the man, who apparently was buying a seat that he could never sit in.

Jasper was sensitive about his false show of illness, and very retaliatory, too. He reached through the window, gripped the young man and hauled him half way out.

"Don't hurt him," Joseph interposed. "He is aware now that you're not in a precarious state of health."

"Yes," the assailed fellow said, going back into his seat like a rubber doll that had been stretched and then let go off. "Yes—yes—I know—you're not in a precarious state of health."

A man with sidelong eyes and edgewise attitudes watched the episode with very conspicuous slyness. That man was a private detective. Sometimes he feared that people would not know it. He liked to be a spy. When he was not a spy for pay he spied for pleasure. So the Hadens had not disappeared into the wilderness a week before he knew who they were; how rich was the one who looked poor in health, and how poor in money the one who looked rich in health; and the reason why the irascible one limped was that the left foot was an artificial member.

The twins encamped on the shore of Bascom Pond, and fished and hunted with the help of Reuben Brown, an Adirondack guide. Reuben showed them how to hook the trout and bullet the deer, and he was their proxy in much of the sports which proved at all dangerous to the dumb creatures.

But he has never revealed the fact of their failure as sportsmen, not only because it was a professional secret, but also for a reason which will presently appear. The hunting and the fishing, such as they were, went on for a few days ordinarily. The campers told one another that they liked the discomforts of camping, and they convinced themselves that the dampness of the rainy days, the chilliness of the windy nights, and the lack of sanitary things all the time were conducive to robust vigor. Jasper Haden never realized the truth or falsity of these theories. He died in Bascom Pond.

Although Jasper was a quick-tempered man, as we have already seen, the reader will be surprised to learn that it was not he who killed the suave and unctuous Joseph, but it was Joseph who killed Jasper. The murder was far from an impulsive act. It was a coolly calculated achievement, looking to a transfer of fortune from the man of sordid mercantile pursuits to the man of jovial professional leisure. Joseph would be the only natural heir of Jasper in case of the wifeless, childless man's death, and there was no will in existence. So, when the brothers capsized their canoe while fishing, and it was not likely that the lean one would sink and the fat one float, Joseph did not depend upon such natural results. He clung to the overturned boat, and pushed his brother off, until a most deliberate and diabolical fratricide had been committed. Then he removed the artificial foot from his dead victim and pocketed it carefully, stripped off all the clothes and placed them where he could recover them later, and hid the body under water by means of a rope and a stone. "Reuben," said Joseph Haden to the guide, upon returning to the tent (and here see how the murderer kept his conscience clear of any lie) "my brother Jasper has been drowned, and I have escaped with my life."

Reuben went to search for the body of the dead Haden, leaving the live Haden shivering with a chill, for his clothes were wet, and, besides, a man naturally feels a creepy sensation after he has murdered a brother for the first time. The guide rowed hither and thither, peering down into the pond and reaching with a paddle, but never finding Jasper in the dark little water-pit into which he was sunken. He re-urned to the tent after an hour or two and saw a thing that astonished him.

Joseph Haden sat enveloped from neck to heels in a big bag of rubber. Steam was escaping a little at the throat and the exposed face looked parboiled. The inclosed man was taking a Turkish bath, by shutting himself in with a lighted lamp, after the manner common out of the woods, but Reuben didn't know it.

"I am taking precautions against a cold," Joseph said. "I'm a physician, you know, and I am fully aware of the danger of pneumonia following the chill I have had."

Reuben had heard of folks boiling with rage, and he was now impressed vaguely with the thought that this bagged man was boiling with grief for his drowned brother. If so, he was bound to be well done, for he sat there hour after hour until nightfall, with the perspiration dripping from his head down the outside of the bag, inside of which the accumulation of water threatened to rise high enough to extinguish the lamp. The fire did burn itself out at length, and then the simmering man tumbled weakly from the seat.

"Take off the rubber," he whispered. "That's it. Now lay me out straight, and throw me with that woollen jacket. Hard—harder—that's right."

The friction dried the man, and tired the guide.

"Now," Joseph said, "I'll turn in for the night."

Wrapped thickly in blankets, he slept on the bed of boughs until morning, but at dawn he started off on a brisk walk of five or six miles before breakfast, of which he ate sparingly of lean meat only. During the ensuing five days the guide was astonished by the amount of boiling, walking, and rubbing which this singular man endured.

"Hadn't we oughter go out 'n give notice of your brother's death?" Reuben once suggested.

"Go and make one more hunt for his body," was the reply, "and if you don't find it we will quit the camp in the morning."

Reuben did find a good reason why. Joseph had loosened it from the rope and stone an hour before and then fled from it as it floated, for he habitually avoided unpleasant sights if possible. He looked long enough, however, to see that it had bloated to much more than its former bulk.

"Good Lord!" the guide cried, breathlessly, as he ran back into the camp. "I've found him. His clothes was gone. How could that a'been? And he was as stocky as you was two weeks ago."

He looked at the surviving brother and saw in an instant the change that had been wrought in him. The fat man had reduced himself to a thin one, by violent sweating and exercise, right before the staring eyes of the guide, but it was not until now that the doltish witness realized the extent of the alteration.

"My gracious!" he exclaimed, drawing back for a critical survey, "you're the image of him like he was when we come here—and—"

"And his body is as big now as mine was then?" the other suggested, urbanely.

"That's just about so, Dr. Haden."

"And it looks to you as though I had been drowned, and he stood here before you alive?"

"To judge by the 'pearances, yes. Only—"

"Well, only what?"

"Only there was his foot. I mean only there wa'n't his foot."

"Ah, yes. He had only one foot. So the story has become detached!"

"Gone along with the clothes, I guess."

"No doubt."

"But what I can't guess, doctor, is how them clothes got off'n him."

Joseph wouldn't do any needless lying. He was inclined, rather, to economize in the guile necessary for his enterprise. He was no reckless criminal. Still, the time had clearly come to murder Reuben. Nor was it to be a thoughtlessly. The manner and means had been planned already.

"You think I resemble my brother, as he was when we came into the woods together, Reuben?" he remarked.

"Like ez two peas," was the reply.

"All caused by the treatment, Reuben. I was too flashy to suit my notion, and so I reduced myself—you see."

Reuben passed a hand dazedly across his own brows. He was not used to hard thinking, and these strange occurrences made his head ache.

"Great thing, the Turkish bath," Joseph continued. "In five minutes it would make you unconscious of the headache you've got now. Come, sit down here and try it. Oh, you needn't undress. I'll apply it to your head only."

The guide did not consent to the proposed treatment. But he permitted it, and so he is dead. His demise was very singular. If he has come to his senses yet he must review the event with keen interest, arising not so much from a personal concern as from that pride of distinction which should exist in a man who has been drowned on dry land.

"Will it hurt me?" Reuben asked as the rubber bag was being puckered tightly around his neck.

"After a minute or two you won't feel it," was the sincere reply, "and your headache will be gone entirely."

By this time the upper end of the sack was fitted to the neck so tightly as to choke.

"We will vary the use of this thing to suit your case," the operator went on. "Oh, don't gasp. Your breath will not bother you after just a little."

Nor did it. Joseph slit the bag at the bottom, turned it up over Reuben's head, and gripped it tightly.

"You'll smother me," the victim panted, with a convulsive shake of his bagged head.

"I'll give you some air," and the assassin kept his word by relaxing his hold sufficiently to make an aperture. "Now, sit down quietly on the ground, Reuben. It's got to be done, you know, and the quicker it's over the sooner you'll be comfortable."

It was at this point in the experiment that Reuben became greatly amazed. In recalling it to memory (if his present condition of mind permits him to be retrospective) he will recollect that the novelty of the homicide was wondrous. He sat down on the ground obediently. Over his head, but leaving a small open space, the reversed bag was bunched in one hand by Joseph, who with the other took up a pailful of water and poured it into the opening. Reuben's head was as completely submerged as though he had been at the bottom of the pond.

For a minute or two there was a great deal of commotion. If Reuben had not tried, in the absence of air, to breathe the water his violent strength might have availed him; but he had enjoyed an experience with such unusual circumstances, and his futile writhings and contortions seemed to be actuated by a confused belief that he might swim out of the difficulty. Joseph twisted the bag with all his might, thus forcing the water down around Reuben's head.

"Stop kicking," he cried. "Do you hear me?"

Reuben heard him, but couldn't say so; and, whether in obedience or not, his resistance ceased, and he soon lay drowned to death on the sun-dried ground.

But it is not bitheisome or loesse to be alone in the woods with two men whom you have murdered, and Joseph Haden, moreover, was filled with personal regret for the sacrifice of feeling which his enterprise had demanded. Besides, he knew that a most inconvenient and painful ordeal still awaited him. He had put himself into a restored resemblance of his deceased brother; he had caused the body to assume the proportions of his own as last seen by relatives and friends; he had silenced the only witness of any of the process; he was ready to go out into civilization with the now indisputable lie that the two men had been drowned accidentally in the lake—except that one important act remained to be done. If Joseph Haden was to be accepted without suspicion as Jasper Haden, then the dead twin must have two feet and the survivor only one.

Joseph was not a man to enter upon an important undertaking without calculating it to a climax, nor to stop in his endeavor before he had done his utmost to reach the ultimate success. He was a surgeon, and well aware of the pain, risk, and unpleasantness of amputating his own foot. But he felt that the two other persons concerned had suffered considerable annoyance and age would not permit himself to hesitate in doing his duty by the affair. So he excised his left foot at the ankle, and it was an excellent piece of surgery, well worthy of a full report to his medical society, if he had not felt an obligation of professional secrecy.

Joseph allowed himself a week for the wound to get along in the process of healing. With a skilful and uncommonly solicitous surgeon in attendance, the case had no mishaps or complications. When at last he was ready to return to the nearest settlement, introduced himself as Jasper Haden, reported the death of Joseph and the guilt of the latter, and arranged for the burial. There was no arousal of suspicion in the minds of the rustics who had to do with the inquest, funeral and interment. So when the Hadens came, but there was no cause for incredulity. There was a well rounded and two footed dead Haden, for the surgeon had attached his severed member to his brother's ankle in a manner which, being uninvestigated, was not discovered. There was a slim and shapely footed live Haden, for he was the artificial foot. Who could suspect?

It was almost a month later when the false Jasper Haden arrived at the station at the outer end of the Adirondack railway.

"Ah! I see that I guessed wrong that you wouldn't need a return ticket," said the young man behind the window. "How uncertain life is! Your brother looked so robust and healthy."

"And I am alive, although no better for my sad trip, thanks to grief and—and—" as he limped on the still sensitive stump of his left leg.

Then he looked across the room and saw the same detective who had lounged there at the time of the journey's start. The guilty man blanched and trembled.

"You here?" he faltered.

"Oh, yes; I'm here, sir," and the spy glanced furtively at the lame foot.

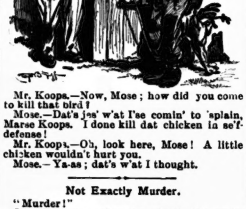
Instantly the criminal felt that he had been watched throughout his awful deeds by this sleuth-hound of the law.

But that was an utter mistake. The detective had no suspicion whatever. So far as anybody save Joseph Haden knows, Joseph was drowned in the Adirondacks, and Jasper Haden is sumptuously living, and fattening with judicious slowness, on the luxuries which an ample fortune commands. Sometimes he goes to the cemetery and reads his own name on the fine monument which he has erected over his brother's grave. But he is serene and complacent, even then and there, although he cannot help dreading to meet Jasper and Reuben by and by.

FRANKLIN FYLES.

NO MORE LIQUOR.—A rescued victim of alcohol, a workman, who had had several attacks of delirium tremens, and had been cured in ten days by the Father Mathew Remedy, and some time after his recovery, "I have no disgust for liquor, but I do not care for it, and when I am thirsty I enjoy a glass of water, or of milk, more than I would any kind of liquor.

Might Even Do Him Good.



Mr. Koops.—Now, Mose; how did you come to kill that bird?

Mose.—Dat's jes' w'at I'se comin' to 'splain, Marse Koops. I done kill dat chicken in self-defense!

Mr. Koops.—Oh, look here, Mose! A little chicken wouldn't hurt you.

Mose.—Ya-as; dat's w'at I thought.

Not Exactly Murder.

"Murder!"

One afternoon, a short time back, this cry in a hoarse voice in the neighborhood of Charing Cross, proceeding from a room on the third floor, caught the ears of several chambermaids, and created instant consternation. Yes, there was no mistaking it. It was the voice of a man who shrieked the word from room No. 40, and the chambermaids at once sent a messenger to the office with the news that murder was being committed.

"Don't kill me by inches!"

These words alarmed others besides the chambermaids, and the group of three or four presently grew to a dozen. Who occupied the room? One of the chambermaids recollected seeing a black-bearded man of somewhat piratical look, accompanied by a woman closely veiled, enter the room. Was he killing her?

"Oh, oh—you are killing me!"

It was the voice of the man! The veiled woman had him in her power, and seemed to be submitting him to some sort of torture. Several of the crowd knocked at the door, and one of the chambermaids demanded in a falsetto voice that it should be opened at once. There was a "Ha, ha, ha!" from the veiled woman, and the voice of the man cried out:

"What! do you mock at my misery!"

The man's voice came from the office and demanded admittance in the name of the law; and, after some little delay, the door was opened, and a woman stood in the opening and asked what was wanted.

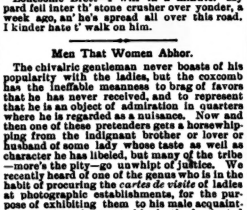
"What's going on in there? Who's being hurt?" demanded the manager.

She laughed her "Ha, ha, ha!" again, and it was echoed by the voice of a man behind her.

"What's all this about?" shouted the manager.

"Why, what do you all want?" she replied, demurely. "I was only pulling a porous plaster off my husband's back!"

Tender Hearted.



Farmer Backstrap—Git down off'n that fence!

Lonesome Brett—I will in a minute. My pard fell inter th' stone crusher over yonder, a week ago, an' he's spread all over this road. I kinder hate t' walk on him.

Men That Women Abhor.

The chivalric gentleman never boasts of his popularity with the ladies, but the coxcomb has the ineffable meanness to brag of favors that he has never received, and to represent that he is an object of admiration in quarters where he is regarded as a nuisance. Now and then one of these pretenders gets a horsewhipping from the indignant brother or lover or husband of some lady whose taste as well as character he has libeled, but many of the tribe—more's the pity—go unwhipt of justice. We recently heard of one of the genus who is in the habit of procuring the *cartes de visite* of ladies at photographic establishments, for the purpose of exhibiting them to his male acquaintances as portraits sent to him by the fascinated originals. There are some vileness which can only be reached and adequately punished by the right arm of a private avenger, and this is, we think, one of them. Only fools of the lowest calibre seek popularity in this way. All women, without exception, abhor such men.

Old Carnival Days in Rome.

In the good old times—and by the good old times we all of us mean the days that are past and are no more; the days of our youth, which we recall now with a sad pleasure, and the joys of which we exaggerate perhaps, while the pains we forget—the carnival in the Corso, which alas! is now almost a thing of the past, was a spectacle and an experience full of delight. On that week of saturnalia the old sights and sounds, the old hubbub and easy old license were renewed, every folly was indulged in, and a careless gladness animated the world. Every window and balcony was draped with carpets, tapestries, and flowers; gay faces looked out everywhere, and glad laughter filled the air. There were masks and harlequins and punchinelli and masquerading and strange costumes and singing and mock gallantry and cries of joy on all sides. It was the duty of everyone to be gay. The Momus reigned. All the world flocked in from the country, and the old dresses and costumes which in every town in the vicinity of Rome were then worn daily, were to be seen. Now those costumes have for the most part utterly disappeared, and are only to be seen now and then, or on the persons of the models who pose for the artists. They were very gay, very various, and it was a pleasure to see them. Now they have given way to the commonplace and shabby dresses of to-day. But in the old carnival they were everywhere to be seen. Improvised balconies and stagings were erected all along the Corso, and these were filled with country girls in the costumes. Up and down the streets, in double files, slowly, and at small's pace, throngs of open carriages followed each other, filled with flowers which the occupants scattered right and left, laughing the while they pursued their slow way through the dense crowds that filled the streets. Flowers and confetti were showered upon them as they passed, and there was a general hubbub of jollity and confusion and madness, as if old Rome's descendants were still alive and shouting in triumph.—*Scribner.*

The True Simplicity of Carlyle's Life.

There was in Carlyle a certain arrogance of intellect that grew with years, and often asserted itself in fashions that he himself felt to be grievous. This has been mistaken for arrogance of heart. But arrogance of heart he never had. In sympathies and manner of life he remained to the end one of the simple peasant. Seldom a year passed, of the eighty-five that he lived, that he did not spend a month or two among the Scotch heathery peat-bogs, in or near his humble boyhood home. There, nearer than anywhere else, his restless soul came to the attainment of that peace and composure which it was quite capable of nowhere. To the end, his own poor, toiling, uneducated kinsmen continued the dearest people on earth to him, and rarely came a payment from editor or publisher that, whatever his own necessities, he did not share it with some of them. Had they been worthy, it was more that he would not at times have shown them scant mercy; but their humbleness only bound them the closer. His own mode of life, for London, was hardly less frugal than Chelsea. He fared mainly on oatmeal and hams, which he would have only out of native Annandale, the London article, in his judgment, partaking of the specious, quack character of its environment. His clothes, too, he would have only from an honest Dumfries tailor, who made them up in lots to last several years, and in forms that put them beyond the mutability of fashion.

With Carlyle, as with all persons of his temperament, the disposition to lay the words on strong is half sportful, and under the gravest over-statements lies a humorous intent. He has no thought of being taken literally. He means much always, but he often means much less than he seems to be, he trusts to the reader's sense of humor to make the due deduction. If the reader chances not to have a sense of humor, and misunderstandings arise; but if he have it, he comes to greatly relish the tasks that Carlyle demands of it.—*Scribner.*

Tit for Tat.

Bleecker—We New Yorkers spend four million dollars a year for umbrellas. You Philadelphians can't lie a humorous intent.

Chestnut—No; we have sense enough to go in when it rains.

Men of Weight.

Texas has a society the initiation fee of which is estimated by the weight of the candidate—one cent a pound. It is a Fat Man's Association, and no one is eligible who weighs less than two hundred and twenty-five pounds.

He Was Too Candid.

"What was young Leonard White fired for?"

"The boss caught him in a lie."

"Was it a whopper?"

"Well, he said his salary was plenty big enough to suit him."

Knew the Ropes.

Experienced Traveler (at railway restaurant)—When did that man at the other table give his order?

Waiter—'Bout ten minutes ago, sah.

Experienced Traveler—What did he order?

Waiter—Beefsteak and fixin's, sah.

Experienced Traveler—How much did he fee you?

Waiter—Quarter, sah.

Experienced Traveler—Well, here is half a dollar. Cook him another steak and bring me his.

Waiter—Yes, sah.

To Compare New Things With Old.

Stayaht Jeems (to returned tourist)—What is Pompeii like, any how?

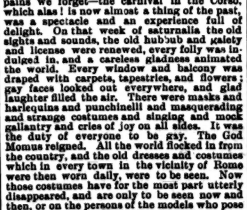
Trotterly—A good deal like New York; all dug up, you know.

Could Sleep Right Through It.

"Does your wife talk in her sleep?"

"No; but she frequently does in mine."

The Unity of Things.



Conlan.—It's some resaylutions th' Black Rabbit choobder club gev me whin th' breath left me soon limey.

Officer McRea.—Yez hov it upsidy down.

Conlan.—Ol do. Th' poor lad fell down an elevaty shaft at th' shop.

Excursions.

On October 2 and 3 you can get tickets to Chicago and return, via Wabash Railway, at less than second class fare for one way. Solid trains with sleeping cars attached. Ask nearest ticket agent for tickets via Detroit and the Banner route. J. A. Richardson, Canadian Pass. Agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

The Girl to be Avoided.

She is the girl who takes you off in one corner and tells you things that you wouldn't repeat to your mother.

She is the girl anxious to have you join a conspiracy to trick her indoor pa "just for fun" to smoke a cigarette or to take a glass of wine, and you don't know, and possibly she doesn't, that this is the climax of to-day committed their first sins "just for fun."

She is the girl who persuades you that to stay at home and care and love your own, to help mother and to have your pleasures at home and where the home people can see them, is stupid and tiresome; and that spending the afternoon walking up and down the street, looking at the windows and the people, is "just delightful."

She is the girl who persuades you that slang is witty, that a loud dress that attracts attention is "stylish," and that your own simple gowns are dowdy and undesirable. She doesn't know, nor do you, how many women have gone to destruction because of their love for fine clothes.

She is the girl who persuades you that to be on very familiar terms with three or four young men is an evidence of your charms and fascination, instead of being, as it is, an outward visible sign of your perfect folly.

She is the girl who persuades you that it is a very smart thing to be referred to as "a gay girl." She is very, very much mistaken.

And, of all others, she is the girl who, no matter how hard she may try to make you believe in her, is to be avoided.—*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

Time to Grow an Appetite.

"Let's go into this restaurant and get something to eat."

"But I am not hungry."

"That's no matter; you will be before you get anything."

A Mistake.

Teacher (in grammar class)—Tommy, correct the sentence, "I kissed Susan once."

Tommy (promptly)—I kissed Susan twict.—*The Epoch.*

Reason Enough.

Mrs. Scadds—Daughter, a girl should never throw herself at a young man.

Miss Scadds—Way, mamma?

Mrs. Scadds—Because girls are usually very inaccurate in their aim.

I USE "SUNLIGHT" DO YOU?

Not to use "Sunlight" Soap on wash day and every other day is to stand in your own light, because it will save you labor and fuel, prevent you rubbing the clothes to pieces, keep your hands soft and healthy, and make you delighted with it for everything that needs to be kept clean and sweet. It has won 6 Gold Medals.

WHY DO YOU WEAR CORSETS

Which Make you look as though you had Been Cut out of a Wooden Block with a Jack-knife

FEATHERBONE

CORSETS give to the Figure that Symmetrical Beauty which is a Lady's Greatest Charm

Can You Believe It?

We know it is hard to believe, and yet it is true, that every day persons who ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, have handed out to them something which looks like C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S, and yet is not.

They are put up in a RED wrapper, and they closely imitate "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S" in general appearance. But it is a fraud!!!

The unsuspecting purchaser who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his pocket.

HEED THE WARNING.

Don't be deceived and do not be imposed upon with an imitation of what you want. You want CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because you know their value and their merit. THEY NEVER FAIL.

When you go to buy a bottle of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, ask for "C-A-R-T-E-R'S," be sure you get "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S," and take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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Music.

That very pleasing little comic opera The Little Tycoon has been drawing fair houses at the Grand Opera House this week. The hot weather of the week undoubtedly operated to lessen the attendance, as three hours in even so well ventilated a place as the Grand is proved to be a considerable sudorific experiment. The weariness of such a sitting was somewhat enhanced by the unnecessary dragging of the action and circumstance of the first act. It may seem a little late, after an opera has lived a continuous life for some five or six years, to find fault with its prolixity or dulness, but the fact remains that all who enjoyed The Little Tycoon would have enjoyed it much more had it been over at 10 30 instead of 11.05, not necessarily for bibacious reasons, but because the concentration of fun and music would have been welcome.

•

The music of the opera is pretty and above the commonplace with rather effective, though not widely original orchestral scoring. In the matter of orchestra Mr. Kinsberger, who conducted, produced very praiseworthy results, being especially indulgent to his soloists in the matter of soft accompaniments, and many of them needed it. The two young ladies who have the parts of Violet and Dolly Dimple, Miss De Burdeau and Miss Cerbi, had very small voices indeed. The former lady seemed to have considerable difficulty with her high notes, and was not at all comfortable when on the stage. Miss Cerbi, on the other hand, was decidedly active and busy with good business when before the public. A company advertised in as pronounced a style regarding its principals as was the Little Tycoon party, should carry better effect in this department it becomes rubbishy. Mr. Robert Dunbar as Alvin Barry, sang well and displayed a good voice, though rough in quality. The chorus singing was good, and more than usual attention was given to shading and piano singing, but where on earth would you see such a tough-looking lot of young collegians and their lady friends as were exposed to public view in this chorus?

•

Mr. R. E. Graham, whose vagaries last year in The Sea King had already made him popular in Toronto, increased that popularity on this occasion as General Knickerbocker. His comedy is rich and bright without being too unctuous. His songs, When I Was a Boy and But You Can't Do It, met with ready acceptance and many recalls. But why does he wear those anachronistic clothes? Miss Alice Hosmer sang well, and in her Japanese dress looked to the manor born. The Japanese scene was well gotten up and very effectively lighted with incandescent lights, but some curious incongruities were noticeable in the steamer scene. The masts were evidently on the White Star, set in pairs abreast, a new style of naval architecture. Perhaps the scenic artist was afraid the public might not realize that his picture was a ship unless he put in lots of masts.

•

On Tuesday evening a large congregation filled St. Simon's Church to overflowing, on the occasion of the annual harvest festival service, sung under Mr. J. W. F. Harrison's direction. Mr. Harrison's choir sang very well, and in Garrett's Harvest anthem gave evidence of very careful and assiduous training. The general tone of the choir is soft and pleasing, especially as Mr. Harrison has succeeded in eliminating the usual stridency from the boys' voices.

•

This promises to be a season of recitals, and several are contemplated which will be of more than ordinary interest. The first of these takes place on Tuesday evening, at the warerooms of Messrs. Farwell & Glendon, 68 King street west. This enterprising young firm has lately secured the agency of the Steck piano, and is so filled with faith in its excellence as to institute a series of recitals at which the Steck grand may be heard, an evidence of both enterprise and sincerity. The engagement of popular artists, both vocal and instrumental, to provide the programmes for this series of recitals which will be complimentary to the firm's friends, will make these entertainments very popular. At the event of Tuesday evening, the vocalists will be Mrs. Clara E. Shilton, Mr. Harold Jarvis, Mr. E. W. Schuch, while the instrumental side will be represented by Miss Sullivan, Miss Minnie Gaylord and Mr. W. O. Forsyth.

•

The next recital will be on Thursday evening at the College of Music, when Mr. Frederic Boscovitz will play a selection, the details of which I gave last week. Three of Mr. Boscovitz' songs will be sung, Meadow Voices by Mme. de Chadenedes, and The Rolling Stone and Three Knights of Old by Mr. E. W. Schuch.

•

It is also in contemplation that Mr. Boscovitz will give three recitals, one entitled An Hour With the Spinet, Harpsichord and Modern Grand Pianoforte, in which the artist will illustrate the origin and progress of these instruments, and play music dating from 1543 to the close of the last century. The second one will be entitled How to Play Chopin, a subject Mr. Boscovitz is well qualified to dwell on, having been a pupil of the great composer. The third event will be a miscellaneous piano recital.

•

Mr. A. L. Ebbels, who was for some years the assistant secretary of the Philharmonic Society, and who left Toronto last February, has been appointed eastern agent of our lively contemporary, *The Presto*, of Chicago, with headquarters in New York. Mr. Ebbels has many qualities of energy and a certain literary facility which will stand him in good stead in his new field of labor, and his friends here will be glad to hear of his advancement.

•

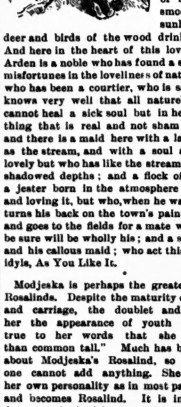
The editorial paragraphs of the *Musical Times* of London, Eng., are sometimes quite funny and satirical. The September number says: "The *Canadian Musical Herald* was conducted by two gentlemen. Its successor, the *Dominion Musical Journal*, is conducted by one woman. What will she do with it?" From all appearances there is one thing she will *not* do with it, and that is, criticize the events that take place here, a rare and inconsequent sort of omission in a musical periodical. But then many writers have spoken of the inconsequence of the fair sex, so perhaps the omission may be more consistent than appears at first sight.

•

Our Canadian prima donna, Mme. Albani, is one of the few people in the world that have the honor of visits from the Queen. On September 15 Her Majesty called on our fair countrywoman at old Mar Lodge, the singer's summer residence in Scotland, and remained some time to hear Mme. Albani sing, and afterwards took tea with her.

METRONOME.

The Drama.



THROUGH the branches the sunlight comes falling in golden spangles. The breezes blow lightly through the trees, caressing the softly rustling leaves. The brook goes singing over the stones in tiny waterfalls or flows slowly and silently in shadowed deep-spots or brightly and smoothly in the sunlight, and the deer and birds of the wood drink therefrom. And here in the heart of this lovely forest of Arden is a noble who has found a solace for his misfortunes in the loveliness of nature; and one who has been a courtier, who is sad ever, and knows very well that all nature's loveliness cannot heal a sick soul but in her sees something that is real and not sham nor vanity; and there is a maid here with a laugh as light as the stream, and with a soul as clear and lovely but who has like the stream her earnest, shadowed depths; and a flock of other folk; a jester born in the atmosphere of the court and loving it, but who, when he wants to wive, turns his back on the town's painted beauties and goes to the fields for a mate whom he can be sure will be wholly his; and a sad shepherd and his callous maid; who act this loveliest of idyls, As You Like It.

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Modjeska is perhaps the greatest of living Rosalinds. Despite the maturity of her figure and carriage, the doublet and hose give her the appearance of youth and she is true to her words that she "is more than common tall." Much has been written about Modjeska's Rosalind, so much that one cannot add anything. She surrenders her own personality as in most parts she acts and becomes Rosalind. It is impossible to detect a single false note in all her lines. Though the part of Rosalind does not require the sustained effort of a part like Camille, where the whole burden of the plot is borne on one person's shoulders, it is a part requiring greater mental insight and refined acting-instinct than any other female part on the world's stage. The subtle changes of emotion which characterize all Shakespeare's heroines are most numerous in Rosalind, whose heart is constantly playing from jest to earnest. Read with no matter how much delight and interest, to the male reader at least the half-tints and shadowy depths which underly Rosalind's lines are a sealed book until revealed by the genius of such a woman as Modjeska.

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The company which supports her is, one half of it, as fine as could be possibly got together for traveling purposes. The actors composing the other half are mediocre when they are not wholly incompetent. The Orlando of Mr. E. B. Thalberg did not meet with favor in some quarters. This may be partially due to the fact that owing to his ignorance of the acoustic properties of the house, half the audience could not hear him. This was a pity, as the exquisite softness and mobility of his cintonations were one of the most enjoyable features of his performance. His Orlando seemed to many cold and inane, but there he showed the depth of his study. Orlando, exiled from his love as he believes himself to be, naturally moves into the play of Ganymede in but a half-hearted way, and beautiful as the play is, the resemblance of the youth to his Rosalind can bring but heart-sickness and the thought of his hopelessness. In appearance Mr. Thalberg was an ideal Orlando. The lines of Jacques in the version acted, were more or less slaughtered, so that Mr. John A. Lane was not given a proper chance to develop the subtlety of treatment this part requires. He, too, possesses a magnificent voice, and his soliloquy, The Seven Ages, was splendidly rendered. His acting in the last act, just before the curtain drops, was really brilliant. As good acting as any done by the male support was that of Mr. Beaumont Smith as Touchstone, a part which for obvious reasons I have affection for. He was witty and humorous without being boisterous, and gave a most refined and amusing performance. He was splendidly made up, and with his lithe bodily proportions looked his part to perfection. Mr. Howard Kyle's characterization of the Banished Duke was marked by too much levity. He delivered the noble address which opens the second act, in good voice, but although he says some grave, almost bitter things, he wore such a smile as he might wear when inviting someone to dinner. Mr. Beaumont Smith's lovely wife as Celia, developed that colorless, unsatisfactory *role* delightfully. Her pathos in the first act, when she volunteers to follow Rosalind, was dignified and splendidly acted. In her comedy she was altogether charming. Miss Helen Jones was an ideal Audrey. Of magnificent physical proportions, she simulated the stupidity of Touchstone's bride to perfection. Miss Edith Meek was a somewhat spiritless Phoebie.

"Old Ben Rogers," as he is affectionately called, must have a paragraph to himself. A score or so of years ago he acted Sir Peter Teazle to Mrs. Morrison's Lady Teazle in Toronto, and even then he was called "Old Ben Rogers." So with old memories of him in the minds of the old play-goers, 'tis no wonder he was well received as Adam on Thursday night.

OLD BEN ROGERS—AS ADAM.

How well he looked the part may be seen from the accompanying portrait, and in the serene dignity of his presentation of one of Will Shakespeare's own acting parts a flaw could not be found. But Rogers' fort was always comedy, and as that most good-humored and rubicund of officials, Dogberry, in Much Ado About Nothing, his acting was such as that of the great Jefferson might be in the part. In striking contrast to the pure, fresh atmosphere of such a forest idyl as As You Like It, is the feverish, glassy glare of Camille. Shallow in their ethical ideas as the majority of theatrical audiences are, to ask them to look upon Camille as the abused heroine that most actresses depict characters of her class to be, is too much for any audience's gorge. Bernhardt recognizes this fact in her treatment of the part, and she is said to be the only real Camille. In its likeness to Bernhardt's Camille rests the genius of Modjeska's characterization. This does not mean that Modjeska plagiarizes from Bernhardt. Such a thing is impossible. It merely shows that Modjeska's Camille is psychologically correct. Physically Bernhardt has the advantage of her, the Frenchwoman's lithe proportions allowing her to simulate Camille's youth to better advantage. The play at best is but a sketch of a light character, with certain noble traits, and Modjeska does not attempt to justify Camille or to blind the audience's eyes to the broken laws and the justice of the retribution. Her work in this play, in all her plays in fact, was of a uniformly high quality. "Brilliant" passages there do not, and when the audience applauded most 'twas when by the exigencies of the dialogue or action sudden lights were thrown upon the genius of the production. In the interview with old Duval she was not the passionate, stormy, abused creature that some actresses depict Camille. She did not seem impressed with her own nobility, but recognized that it was right that such a sacrifice should be necessary to Armand's welfare, and that the love of such an one as she could be entitled to but a short glimpse of happiness. When Armand's love was gone, weak physically, she could but consume away. When his love did return, she was too weak to grasp it, and died happy in its bright reflection. Modjeska was dignified and never lost sight of the physical weakness of the character throughout, and the excellence of her Camille is not fully realized until the whole is considered in afterthought. Mr. Thalberg was a very fair Armand and did not tear his passion to tatters. Mr. Lane as Duval, senior, acted with dignity. Mr. Beaumont Smith was a mercurial Gaston, and Mr. Howard Kyle was quite acceptable as Count de Varville. A host in herself was Mrs. Kate Meek, as Mme. Prudence, with a certain *bon homie* rare in a lady comedian. Mrs. Beaumont Smith was charming as ever as Nichette, and Miss Helen Jones was a very acceptable Nanine. Miss Edith Meek appeared to better advantage in this play than in any of the others in which she appeared.

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As You Like It and Much Ado About Nothing are two of the plays in which Shakespeare has sacrificed art to what the public calls a "happy ending." The sudden conversion of the wicked duke, and Celia's falling in love with the rough bear, Orlando's brother, in the one play and the fact that Claudio is allowed to win Hero in spite of the despicableness of his character in the latter, are instances. But though the characters of Claudio and Hero in Much Ado About Nothing are weak and unsatisfactory, they have the negative merit of throwing the sterling virtues of Benedick and Beatrice into relief. This pair, with their high courage and merry hearts, though they do not contribute the main plot motive, enable the play to rank, for staging purposes, with Shakespeare's greatest. Stupid, much beloved old Dogberry helps, too, and the elegance and air of song and sunlight which surround it make the play delightful. It was regrettable that the play had evidently been so insufficiently rehearsed by Modjeska's company for Saturday night's performance. It went off very jerkily and it was distressing to see actors of such ability ignorant of their lines, tardy in answering cues and deficient in stage action. The splendor of Modjeska's Beatrice was ineffectual to a great many, spoiled as it was by so crude a setting.

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Modjeska as Beatrice was dignified though mirthful. In none of her work does she exaggerate, and the contrast was strong between her acting and Rhea's in the scene where Beatrice commands Benedick to kill Claudio. Modjeska is tense and quiet, Rhea fierce and passionate. It is a question whether her acting in this scene might not gain by a little more passion, for a lady of such bludgeon-like repartee as Beatrice would probably be violent in her dislikes when she had any. The actress's humor was delightful. Mr. Thalberg made a good Benedick, except for the drawback I have mentioned. In this play, too, he appeared when not speaking to be out of his part. Altogether Mr. Lane was more at ease than any of the male actors and did what work he had well. Mr. Howard Kyle was fair as the villain, Don John. His Richard III. stoop was monotonous and savored too much of the melodrama. Mr. R. P. Carter as Leonato, the father of Hero, appeared to better advantage than before. The chicken-hearted pupppism of the curled dandy Claudio was suppressed somewhat in the acting version. Mr. Henri de Lussan was tame and ineffective in this part and in all he undertook. Mr. Beaumont Smith did not appear to the best advantage as the Friar, and it is a pity he did not appear as Verges, as billed, and enliven the part. Mr. Rogers' Dogberry I have spoken of. Mrs. Beaumont Smith acted the poor and unappreciated *role* of Hero, and imparted to it her own personal charm. Miss Helen Jones and Miss Edith Meek fulfilled the small requirements of Ursula and Margaret.

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On a motive somewhat similar to the episode of Benedick and Beatrice is Donna Diana constructed. It is a light, airy comedy without the tragic note of Much Ado About Nothing. But though of fine quality the play is somewhat too slight and airy for a whole evening's entertainment. The interest of the plot centered round Modjeska as Donna Diana and Mr. Thalberg as Don Cæsar, while much of the action was contributed by Mr. Beaumont Smith as Perrin, Don Cæsar's secretary. Modjeska was as humorous as she was in Beatrice, and was dressed superbly. By the way, one of the noticeable features of this company is the number and richness of the costumes which have seldom been equalled in any company of this class which has appeared here. The acting of Messrs. Smith and Thalberg was excellent, as was that of the rest of the company in their slight *roles*. Since the last visit of the Kendals no company of such dramatic importance has appeared on Toronto boards, and if Manager Sheppard could induce Modjeska's management to come here later in the season, it would be a consummation which would be devoutly appreciated.

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That Woman of Apple Orchard Farm at the Academy of Music can not be pronounced a complete success. The play itself is a conglomeration of insipid nonsense strung together without an apparent effort at system or plot. It contains good dramatic features, and seems to be a selection of the most tiresome portions of stale melodramas. It is little wonder then that even the undoubted cleverness of Chas. L. Howard in Aunt Ollie Jabitta failed to stir enthusiasm. His support was deficient in both looks and ability and gave painful evidence of inexperience. Three or four clever children sang and danced prettily, but nothing could rescue such a play from utter insignificance. The audience was quite large when the curtain rose, but ere the third act came on fifty per cent. of it had left in disgust.

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Irish plays are beginning to pall on the public. The Ivy Leaf at Jacobs & Sparrow's this week has been drawing but small houses. This play is one of the oldest of its class and is of course the same as all the others. What particular object the dramatist had in allowing the property eagle to take the child Norine, is obscure. Perhaps it was to display Murty's heroism in fighting his way through the flip-flapping canvas waves and allowing himself to be hauled from the flies up the side of the painted rock. The most remarkable feature of the play is the vigor of its language and the reckless way in which the characters stake their disposition of their souls in the next world on their own unimportant statements.

"By me eternal soul you shall be me wife!" says the villain.

"By me hope of eternity, I shall die first!" says the heroine.

If the villain did not keep the heroine in a stone tower she might possibly be shut up elsewhere for abusive language and disorderly conduct. She has a way of rolling her eyes at the villain and looking at him as at some loathsome beast and telling him he cannot be called human and expressing such a wish as the following: "Would that me Gerard were here to cr-rush you like the viper you ar-re!" this with a sort of rattlesnake movement of her own. To freshen up Irish plays it would be a good thing for the short-skirted Noras and Maureens and Maggies to be re-christened with Jimpsy, Tootale, or some such names, and do some kicking and sing "Oh, why do all the baldheads sit up in the front row?" And instead of the same old stuff about mother, Ireland and little Maggie, let the dear Irish boy sing He Winked the Other Eye, or Comrades would even be acceptable. Melodrama is said to be good for small boys. It stimulates their sense of chivalry. Even Shakespeare recollected the "painted vice" he had seen as a boy at the little theatrical adjuncts of Stratford fair, and the boy learns to despise the painted vice obtains in its modern development of the melodramatic villain. It is a pity, then, that boys should lose such a source of moral teaching as the Irish play. They appreciate the value of it, for note how assiduously they plead for your entrance check when you go out between the acts, and the few additions I suggest might make it interesting enough to secure it a further term of life and perhaps take the place of the now gasping variety farce.

TOUCHSTONE.

No Turning Back.

Teacher—For what was Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt?

Dicky Boy—For keeps.

A Picnic.

For Saturday Night.

He said, "we will have a picnic,
But what shall we have to eat?"
Ambrosia is good and angels' food,
And the nectar of kisses "sweet."

She said, "we will take a sandwich,
Some cake and lemons with us,
Ambrosia and nectar is only for gods,
Not for mortals like me and you,"
And "folks are better than angels," you know,
And she gave him a kiss or two.

EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

October's Advent.

The sun is shining down with soft half-heat;
Across the half-plowed field, the blue-birds fly;
The elm leaves, turning golden, are they die,
The natal hue of Springtime but repeat;
Beyond, upon the second-clover, sweet,
The cattle graze, with sleepy, sleek content;
The unturned sod with daisies is besprent;
The Springtime and the Autumn seem to meet;—
For 'cross the way, among the orchard rows,
The men are gath'ring apples, red and fair;
In yonder field are met the noisy crows
Where stand the corn-shocks, rattling, dry and bare,
With pumpkins, mellow, lying here and there,
And the clear emerald of the turnips glows.

H. W. CHARLESW. RTH.

But Once.

For Saturday Night.

Once our hearts for each did yearn;
Once were we loving, ever;
Once did our minds one channel run,
Once—but not forever.

Once did we talk of future days,
Each the other's treasure;
Once forgetting that one betrays,
Once—but not forever.

Once did the love-flame flicker low,
Then died altogether;
Once did we part—not long ago,
Once—and once forever.

C. C. H.

OWEN SOUND.

Cow Bells.

I mind me well, as a bare'foot lad,
When the toil of the day was over,
How I dropped the bars by the barnyard path
And walked to the dewy clover,
While far across the sound of bells
Faint as the murmur of sea-worn shells—
"Tin, tin, tin," came the echoes thin,
And then, as they drifted nearer,
"Ting-along, ling," would the chorus ring
Through the distance clear and clearer.

And by the ford where the gray mill loomed
I drove them down to the edges,
And the great round moon peeped over a cloud
As they stood knee-deep in sedges;
And the bells kept time in rude refrain,
Like rain-drops dashed on a window-pane—
"Clink, clink, clink," as they hint to drink
Where the spray from the dam came foaming,
And "clink, clink, clank," as they climbed the bank
In the starlit, shadowy gloaming.

And on through the pastures back we came
Where the cricket's rasping shrilness
Sprang up from the roots of the ribbon-grass
And dinned in the twilight stillness;
But the jangling cow-bells drowned his cry
With discords harsh as they hurried by—
"Cling, clang, clong," as they swayed along
With the bats and the night-hawks o'er them,
And "cling, clang, clang," how the music rang
As they surged by the bars before them.

And there, as I raised the rough-hewn poles
And pushed them into their sockets,
And lazily sat on the old rail fence
With hands thrust deep in my pockets,
I listened still for a straying note,
And whiles from the dusk would softly float
"Co-lick," and then through the maze again,
In the hush of the summer weather,
"Co-lack"—'twas all, and in God's far hall
The star-choirs sang together.

—*Judge.*

The Woodchuck in the Fence.

Be quiet, Bill, that's him again!
I know old Tiger's bark;
He's got him down in Keeler's lane;
Come, Tom, we'll have a lark.
But, May and Kate, you stay right here;
You are no consequence
When Tiger's got a woodchuck
In the old stone fence.

There! See his black tail waggin'
Above the bushy wall!
His bark sounds weak and flaggin';
Let's give him one good call.
Ah, now he knows we're comin'
Like a two-horse ambulance,
For Tiger's got a woodchuck
In the old stone fence.

My, ain't he glad to see us come!
He's pawin' up the dirt;
His jaw is red with bloody scum!
Poor fellow! Did it hurt?
Here, stand back till I poke him out.
Come, Tiger, have some sense!
Or you'll never get that woodchuck
In the old stone fence.

Ah, now I see him, sly and gray;
That's him, that bit of hair.
Wait till I roll this stone away!
Now, jam your nose in there.
A snap, a howl, three awful shakes,
His stiff claw is past tense,
For now there ain't no woodchuck
In the old stone fence.

HARRY ROMAINE.

The Voices of the Earth.

We have not heard the music of the spheres,
The song of star to star; but there are sounds
More deep than human joy or human tears,
That nature uses in her common rounds;
The fall of streams, the cry of winds that sinain
The oak, the roaring of the sea's surge, night
Of thunder breaking afar off, or rain
That falls by minutes in the summer night,
These are the voices of earth's secret soul,
Uttering the mystery from which she came;
To him who hears them grief beyond control,
Or joy inscrutable without a name
Wakes in his heart thoughts buried there, impearled
Before the birth and making of the world.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

A New Industry.

"Jones put his parrot in the cage with his owl the other day."

"What was the result?"

"He got enough feathers for a new feather bed."

She Must Have Been Homely.

"It's very strange you didn't stop the car at once!"

"Ye must blame ther horses, mum. Yer see, they haven't their blinders on!"

Between You and Me.

IF EVER a student of feminine human nature has a "picnic," as the boys say, it is at a millinery opening, for there high and low, rich and poor are met together and foreheads corrugate, and lips pout, and purses lighten as the surging crowds deliberate, and try, and turn, and finally decide upon the special headgear which they fondly fancy suits them best. There are such varieties of beauty and ugliness, breeding and boorishness that it is a perfect picture to the observant eyes. There is Miss Belle Debutante, with the bloom of first youth on her peachy cheek, hall mark of gentle birth on her delicate features and dainty hands and feet, and indecision and anxiety in her unpracticed and lovely eyes. She turns from cream to mauve—from blue to vivid red—wondering which suits her best, and trying to decide so that she may face in conscious becomingness the criticizing stare of her rival's mamma or the scarcely less knowing glance of her young men friends on Park driving afternoons.

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Close beside her and elbowing her away from the special mirror she has planted herself before, is Mrs. Money Bags—red of face, stout of form, and momentarily uglier as she essays in turn, violet velvet, cream cloth, garnet plush and parti-colored ribbon. The head milliner waits soothing and reassuring, lest a sudden consciousness of her homeliness should send the rich lady pouting home, after remarking rudely: "Really there is nothing here fit for anyone to wear; the styles are hideous." That head milliner knows she must sell her ladyship a bonnet and patiently flatters, suggests, prices, tries on and bamboozles her, and finally sends her home weary and not half satisfied, but a debtor to the firm in a degree proportionate to the trouble she has given.

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Then there is a third, who has no intention of buying, but simply tries on hat after hat, until she finds the very shape that suits her best, notes the arrangement of the trimming, goes home and counts the cost, and before you know where you are has bought a hat of similar shape, twisted her ribbons and feathers into a modish garniture, and actually takes time to run down town once more to be sure she has them right, fully repaid when she hears a whisper behind her in church, "I saw her buying it the other day at the opening, and it cost her fifteen dollars. I don't see where she gets the money." She knows it cost just one-third of that amount, and she gets for her cleverness just ten dollars' worth of credit, and keeps her own counsel. Bonnet-makers are born, not made, and I know more than one among my fashionable and unfashionable acquaintances who have the dainty taste and the deft fingers that make for success. In England sundry impecunious and titled women have utilized this inborn faculty, opened millinery shops in some tiny nook of fashionable London, and are making fortunes.

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On Sunday night I sat behind a pathetic little bonnet, such a contrast to the grand and gorgeous affairs I had been studying on week days! It half covered a gentle white head, and seemed to tell of shrunken purse and impotent taste in large capitals, so loud its silence spoke. A wire frame, scantily covered with two or three old lengths of once good lace, a few starved loops of ribbon from which the glory had long departed, a delicate little spray of cheap mauve flowers, pretty and tasteful though coarse and a little bit shop worn, narrow strings, barely meeting under the chin, and pinned with the weest, old-fashioned hair-set brooch. Ah! Lady Gay studied that little bonnet more than she would have done M's and W's or S's latest agony in algrettes or jewels. And the soft silver waves of the white hair brought loving thoughts of another white head that once bent over Lady Gay's cradle, when not a thread of silver had touched its raven tresses, and for love's sweet sake she longed to pitch away that poverty-stricken little mangy rag of old lace and lilacs and frame meetly with soft and rich material the face of that pretty old woman whom she did not know and who would probably have gapped or been scandalized, or may be cross, could she have known what thoughts were going on behind her! Dear reader, Lady Gay takes the front seat in the synagogue for her soul's good, and now you know why. She is a sad dreamer of dreams, and finds safety only in fronting the uninteresting carvings of wooden pulpits or the utterly unromantic ranks of choir boys!

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The author of the vague and non committal saying, "When blue roses grow," which is used to express the utter improbability of some longed-for happening, must now invent a new impossibility, for blue roses will and do grow. All one has to do is to carefully water the unsuspecting white rosebush with a solution of Prussian blue, and the coming blooms will be of a very literary tinge.

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For ladies who like perfume and care for a satin skin I have found the following toilet hint: Have your druggist mix for you one ounce tincture of orris, one ounce tincture of benzion, ten drops oil of neroli, and ten drops oil of lemon. To use this perfume add a tablespoonful of it to about a pint of warm water. It will turn as white as milk and the real perfume will be given off, whereas while in the bottle it has anything but a pleasing odor. Now, after your bath, just take a soft cloth and go over yourself with this milk, dry thoroughly, and you will smell like a bunch of violets. The perfume may be altered to suit you, or you may add any handkerchief extract, but don't omit the benzion, for that is what gives permanence to the perfume and softness and smoothness to the skin.

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A peculiar fad of fashion, called in an English paper the "heliotrope mania," has broken out among the men of the tight little Island's capital city. I think from the description of one man who had got it badly, a more proper name for it would be the rainbow craze. Just read about him as he appeared in busy Cheapside one day lately: "A seraphic 'symphony' in heliotrope and brown—a terra-cotta brown suit, yellow boots, a pink shirt front and wrist bands, and a spotlessly exquisite heliotrope tie: the whole surmounted by a very pink (and pleasant-looking) face, and a brand-new fawn-colored hat." Can we, even on Park parade days, show anything at all coming up to that?

LADY GAY.

Noted People.

Miss Gladstone, the daughter of the Grand Old Man, has admirable literary judgment, and her recommendation of a book carries nearly as much weight as does that of her father.

The Queen of Saxony maintains three physicians, whose sole duty it is to attend to the ailments of the suffering poor. The queen pays the physicians out of her own private purse.

There are one hundred and twenty women now employed in the Berlin telephone exchanges. It has been decided to employ only women in the future, as their voices are much more audible than men's, owing to the higher pitch.

Miss Lincoln, the eldest daughter of the United States Minister, who recently married Mr. Charles Isham, is a typical Western girl. In feature she strikingly resembles her famous grandsire, whose character and achievements she holds in admiration which is little short of reverence.

To win a bet of $1,000, Baron Paul de Side, a young French nobleman, shipped as a common sailor on the Red Star steamer Noordland, during her last trip from Antwerp to New York. He says he wouldn't try it again for ten times the sum, as he was very severely worked during the voyage.

The Crown Princess of Denmark, only daughter of the late King Charles the Fifteenth of Sweden, is a superb woman. Her wit and intelligence have won for her the friendship of many brilliant men, while her striking beauty is the admiration of Denmark. She and the Queen of Portugal are the two tallest princesses in Europe.

The French government has just conferred upon Miss Betham Edwards the rank of *officer de l'instruction publique* in recognition of her works upon rural France. She is now busy upon a book which is to give a survey of the political, rural, and social condition of France a century after the Revolution. She has drawn her conclusions from personal observation.

The beautiful Princess of Monaco is one of the fair blue-stockings of Europe, with a passion for books and music. She has an extensive *coterie* of literary friends, including Blanche Roosevelt, who gather about her round table and play at literary criticism in winter, while her husband gathers the *elite* of Europe about his green tables to play for more remunerative stakes.

Six years ago, the Rev. Wm. Herbert of Llanon, Wales, lost his sight at the age of eighty-nine. He resigned his rectorship in consequence, but has just resumed his position in his ninety-sixth year, as his sight has been completely restored, after a few months' treatment by a Manchester oculist. He lately entertained five hundred of his parishioners, and pathetically described some of his thoughts and experiences during six years of darkness.

Japanese ladies have taken to journalism, too. An English woman, Mrs. Barnett, was visited while in Kioto by a Japanese woman, who wished to interview her. The visitor introduced herself by saying, "My husband, he make the paper, and I do the part of visiting the outside country to help forward him." The result of the interview was a long description of Mrs. Barnett's appearance, manners, age, character and interests, which appeared in the local paper. Mrs. Barnett turned the tables by sketching her visitor.

George Meredith, now acknowledged to be the greatest living English novelist, worked for twenty years without recognition. Now, just as his popularity is becoming established, the critic of the Toledo *Sunday Journal* tries to dam the stream of approbation by disposing of Meredith's greatest novel as follows: "Diana (not of the Ephesians, but of The Cross Ways), by George Meredith, is one of Rand, McNally & Co.'s latest paper covers. This novel is readable, if one cares to read the thousand and one trivial books that arise like the fungi and pass out again."

In Hungary there is a sect of religious fanatics who call themselves Nazarenes. They recently claimed to have discovered the Messiah in the tower of Gyoma, and persuaded him to consent to be crucified. They were about to put the man to death, but the authorities interrupted the proceeding. When the fanatics were brought before the magistrate, he stated to them that he did not wish to interfere with their religious rites, and that they were at liberty to crucify the man. "But," he added, "if he fails to come to life again in three days, I'll hang every one of you." This threat so cowed them that they decided to spare the man's life.

Two of the best short stories of the month are the work of a young Canadian, Acton Davies, who attained his majority not so very long ago. What Mrs. Johnnie Did, in the September *Romance*, is a most original and dramatic bit of work, and ought to be read by every king's daughter in the country. The other story, The Children's Children, in the current number of the *Independent*, was written nearly four years ago and has been traveling about from publisher to publisher ever since. It is a quaintly told and most pathetic little story—one of those tales which stays by one and will bear a second reading. For the past year Mr. Davies has been a reporter on the New York *Evening Sun* staff, and it was in that paper that Tot's Message and A Little Chapter of Life, since republished in *Short Stories*, originally appeared. Besides his reportorial work Mr. Davies writes Irish sketches for the *Evening Sun*, two of which in particular, The Decalcomaniac and The Obsequies of Mrs. Quinn, were widely copied and obtained favorable mention in *Current Literature*. Young Davies was born and brought up in St. Johns, Province of Quebec. His father, the late E. Whitack Davies, was an officer in the Royal Canadian Rifles, and settled down in St. Johns when that regiment was broken up. Dimple and Dumpling, Sawrd Off and Eming an Epitaph are among his other most successful tales.

Traveling in Germany.—No. 5.

There is an idea prevalent in America that German railroads are one-horse affairs. This is a mistake. They are owned by the government, and when some of them were transferred from private corporations their stock was worth over four hundred cents on the dollar. The compartment cars are not agreeable to Americans, but they still have many points in their favor. The compartments hold from six to eight, and by making application a party of that size can have one of these little rooms reserved for themselves, while in France and on some of the German lines larger compartments holding ten or twelve, provided with a table and many luxuries, can be reserved for a party. The upholstery on the second-class coaches is a corduroy cloth, while the first-class have plush, but in other respects one compartment is as comfortable as the other. Nearly all of them are now provided with conveniences, the absence of which used to be such a terror to American travelers. If one has agreeable company the compartment system is much more pleasant than the big American cars, for there is no one running through and leaving doors open or intruding their conversation upon unwilling ears. If the company be ill assorted, however, it is exceedingly unpleasant, for one cannot very well escape. Traveling with round trip tickets the rate is very low, less than two cents a mile, and on the night trains, unless they happen to be crowded, one can get a very good sleep on the long seats. Except on a few international trains running for very long distances, there are no sleepers or dining cars.

Going from Frankfort to Berlin, between three and four hundred miles, the ex-Alderman and I took the fastest train in Germany, with an average speed of over forty miles an hour including stoppages, of which I think we made four in that distance. Our dinner was placed on our knees on a heavy, plated tray, and was hot and well cooked. It consisted of soup, an *entree*, roast mutton, potatoes, two vegetables, and a compote of red currants, fresh bread and a small bottle of very good wine. For this we paid three marks—seventy-two cents—and ate it at our leisure, the trays being removed at the next stopping place, giving us over an hour to dine.

At Frankfort-on-the-Main, the headquarters of the railway system for that section of Germany, there is the finest railroad station in the world. I know of nothing in Germany which so impresses the American traveler as this enormous and magnificent edifice built of stone, iron and glass. Passage-ways underneath the tracks connect the various platforms in the center of the station, and at the upper end of the tracks all cease and are numbered. Those who have been in big railway centers like Chicago are surprised to find a railway station into which the depots of Chicago and St. Louis and Kansas City could be thrown without obstructing more than half the business which is done at Frankfort. Enormous

JEWISH SYNGOGUE AT WIESBADEN.

dining and refreshment rooms make waiting for a train, which here is never a very long performance, as pleasant and comfortable as sitting round a hotel. Everything works smoothly and the wayfarer, though he may not speak a word of German, need make no mistake. In Berlin too the stations are numerous as well as enormous. Indeed, in all the large cities of Germany the railway stations put to blush everything on this side of the ocean, and England has nothing so large or fine.

In England I took a sleeper from London to Liverpool, over the Midland. It cost a dollar and a quarter, though really one should add to this the nine shillings extra fare, for there is no second class and the third-class passenger is not permitted to occupy a sleeping car. In other respects the third class is quite good enough. The English sleeping car contains four staterooms each of which is entered from the outside and contains but two berths. A small anteroom contains every possible convenience and the privacy is greater than in our Pullmans, though the cars look small and insignificant beside the magnificent night coaches of the Pullman and Wagner style, and the interior decorations are much plainer.

In going from Germany to Vlissingen, (pronounced Flyshing in German, Flushing in English,) I was anxious about my baggage when we came to the Holland frontier and as a man had announced that a dining car or "restauration vagen" would be taken on in fifteen minutes, made no effort to get any supper though it was seven o'clock. When the train started I got into my compartment and the "restauration waggon" was annexed and the train in motion before I realized that, unlike an American train, I could not go through the intervening coaches and reach the dining car when I wanted to, as there is no communication except by the little footboard on the outside along which the guard walks. I had no disposition to hang on by my eyelashes in any such place, as the dining car might be quite distant from the coach I was in and the train was running at a speed of about fifty miles an hour. Knowing that supper was ready not very far off, I began to get frightfully hungry. I wondered how long it would be before we would stop at a station and give me a chance to reach the table. Twenty minutes after seven I had got in that condition that I could think of nothing but supper, and my head was projecting from the window watching for some signs of a big town at which the train would be obliged to stop. It grew dark and I could see a long line of lights ahead. As is the habit of a continental passenger train when about to make a stop, we put on extra speed and I put on my hat ready to get out, but we dashed through the village. There was the crack, crack as we whirled over the switches, and in a moment more the regular click, click of the car wheels as we flew through the level and unlighted country. My hunger had increased until I felt that my stomach was beginning to digest itself. A lovely yellow harvest moon rose over the flat Dutch landscape, and in the little houses by the railway I could see the farmers eating supper and quaffing huge mugs of beer. I never felt so hungry in my life. I wondered if that train was never going to stop. Aha, here are some more lights! This is a great big town for sure. Again the train makes an extra effort and we crack, crack over the switches, past the Black Bull Hotel, where there was another tantalizing vision of hungry men eating supper and quaffing more flagons of beer. But the train makes no stop. My fellow occupant of the compartment at this point unrolled a huge sandwich and produced a bottle of beer. I could smell them both, and as he slowly put them beneath his capacious vest I felt like seizing him by the neck and making him divide up. I felt that another lobe of my stomach must have digested itself. My eyes and ears were full of cinders, looking out of the window for a big town. When, after an hour and a half of these silent thoughts and dreadful pangs, we slowed up, I jumped out on the platform, seized a guard and put my unwashed hand and twenty-five cents in his and told him to put me on that "restauration vagon." It was a small affair, but big enough for me. The soup was red hot. I was trying to cool it when a guard came in and asked me if I had a second-class ticket. I admitted that I had nothing better. He told me I would have to get out at the next station. All at once I began to fear that stations were going to get thicker now that supper was possible, and I began to gulp down the hot soup and scalded my mouth. Then I asked the waiter how long it would be before we got to the next station. He told me fifty minutes or an hour, whereupon I went more slowly. The dinner was very good, and as the bill of fare was not very long I went through it twice, excepting the soup, and had time for a very pleasant smoke before I went back to my compartment. The rule about second-class tickets I found was to prevent the diners staying in the smoking room of the car for an undue length of time and crowding it, but nobody but a nabob thinks of traveling first-class in Germany or Holland.

DON.

'Varsity Chat.

HIS, my first chat, I suppose should serve as a prelude to the drama about to be played, but as the chief actors and the locality in which they play are well known, I think it unnecessary to hint what the future may bring forth. All the players have not yet arrived. They are expected to be present at Convocation on Monday afternoon when the "right hand of fellowship" will be metaphorically extended to the freshmen, inviting them to partake of the fruits of higher intellectual culture.

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The grads. of '91 have divided themselves into blocks, but do not bear numbers or wear striped garments, such precautions not being necessary for the proper control of students at the Law School, Theological Colleges, School of Pedagogy and medical colleges and for High School masters. Some of them before entering upon their calling visited Paris, France, during the summer. They wanted to see the city of which every woman, who thinks of the latest styles, has heard. A few of our continental visitors were greatly surprised at what they saw in Paris. This need not, however, alarm the rest of us, for these men have not yet even seen Toronto. It is safe to say that during their course they never took a long walk or drive in order to learn more of the city than could be gathered on one or two streets near the 'Varsity. They, moreover, know nothing of the scenery that surrounds us, and in this respect what is Paris to Toronto, especially in May and June, and September and October!

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Mr. James G. Hume, M. A., Ph. D., after two years' absence studying in the United States and Germany, has returned to enter upon the duties connected with the department—mental and moral philosophy—in which he is a professor. Prof. Hume was one of the late Prof. Young's most profound students. With the foundation in the principles of philosophy which he laid under his early teacher broadened and deepened by further study, Prof. Hume commences his labors.

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It is strange how words and phrases acquire or "take on" odd meanings. For the past few days students have been greeting one another with the words "well, how did you like the exhibition." This in itself is rather innocent, but it contains a hidden meaning. There are such things as being "starred" and "plucked" at the spring examinations, and for those who then "bite the dust" of their winter's folly a supplemental examination is held in September. It is a rule of honor that no man durst tell his private banker that he has to write on the "Sup." Such agony would be too much for the "banker," so the poor unfortunate euphoniously says: "I want to go down to see the exhibition so as to get into shape before the 'Varsity opens." The exhibition sees him not. He pays his ten dollars and takes his "Sup." He cares not for balloon ascensions.

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That was a fitting tribute to a worthy man which Edinburgh conferred on Sir Daniel Wilson, by presenting him with the freedom of the city. Auld Reekie has sent forth many noble and learned men to all parts of the world. She is proud of them all and she has given testimony to the high position which Sir Daniel occupies in her estimation.

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The bailiffs in the early days (in the first century for example) were given to keeping accounts. They used larger parchment than the policeman have in their little note books. The papyrus upon which Aristotle wrote his Constitution of Athens and which not long since was discovered, had been in the hands of an Egyptian farm bailiff about 78 A.D. He kept his accounts on it. One section of it is seven feet long. A fac simile of the Constitution and the accounts has been received at our library.

JUNIOR.

Art and Artists.

The Art Students' League will open its regular season on Monday, and thereafter it is expected that classes will be held every night in the week. The membership, despite the loss of many old members who have left the city, is as large and enthusiastic as ever. It would be well for those young artists who are thinking of joining to start as early as possible.

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Mr. Carl Ahrens has returned from Dixon, where with Messrs. Homer Watson, L. R. O'Brien and Finney, he spent a profitable week sketching and fishing. He has now a few marine pieces under way and is executing a good commission from Montreal.

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Mr. R. Holmes has gone into residence at the new Upper Canada College. He will look after the drawing departments.

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Mr. J. W. L. Forster has a couple of fine portraits under way. During his vacation he got a few fine landscapes.

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Mr. Hamilton McCarthy has completed and has had on exhibition for a week or two a magnificent portrait bust of Principal Grant, which was spoken of in these columns some time ago.

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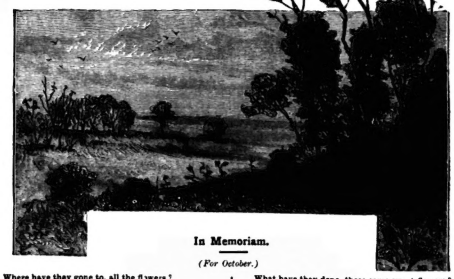
Miss Sidney Tully has returned from Europe and will resume her classes next week. She is painting two or three fine figure pieces.



In Memoriam.

(For October.)

Where have they gone to, all the flowers?
With their colors gay, and their perfume sweet,
Have they hurried away from the autumn chill,
To hide their heads in some warm retreat?
And think you their mission over now
They will rest all winter beneath the snow

Where have they been to, all the flowers?
That were tied together, and borne away
By slim white fingers, or rough brown hands
To the splendid hall, down lowly way.
But wherever they went they have made hearts glad,
Brought health to the sick and cheered the sad.

What have they done, those same sweet flowers?
Have they idled away the summer span,
Or lifting on high their beauteous heads
Brought hope and comfort to heart of man?
Ah! never a moment from dawn till night
Did they waste, as they blossomed for our delight.

What have they said to us, all the flowers
As they whispered beneath the sunny sky?
Oh! What was the message they gave to us
With gentle voice as the wind swept by?
"Be like us, be like us," we heard them say,
"Be kind to the rich, and the poor alway."

What did they leave for us, all the flowers,
When they went away to their winter sleep?
Am empty place in a darkened world,
A memory sweet, and a trust to keep.
And the task they have left for me and you
Is to finish the work they began to do.

KATHLEEN R. WHEELER.

A VAIN QUEST.

By EVELYN DURAND.

Written for Saturday Night.

I.

The judge's steed stood waiting at the gate. Africanus was leaning familiarly against him with the bandanna authentic, now smoothing the dark sleek neck, now wiping his own ebony-colored countenance.

From the town came the sound of stir and hurry, from the docks the whistling of the steamers and the labored breathing of the engines. Here at the extremity of Hudson avenue there was a stillness, broken only by the swirl of the horse's tail as it angrily struck at the flies, the rustling of the oaks and the murmur of the pines. Far down the road a blue watering cart dragged slowly along its refreshing way.

"Africanus!

The steed's ears became erect—so too became Africanus.

"Yes, sah."

The judge had appeared on the veranda at last. In the twinkling of an eye, Africanus had sprung up the path and was at his side smiling with a great flash of white teeth.

"A—this damnable heat." He was pulling his stiff hat firmly on his head.

"My dear, why not wear a lighter hat?" This in a sweet voice from the cool, dark hall.

He turned with dazzled eyes and stared in at his wife. She was securing an odd-shaped parcel. "Well, I'm going, good-bye."

"One would really imagine you were going by train. How is it that you can never be induced to hasten except when you have boundless time before you and——"

"Boundless time is before none." And putting his arm about her shoulders he drew her down the steps with him. The judge was a large man of portly habit, with keen blue eyes and a clean-shaven face. His age was not to be guessed. Some of the New Yorkers asserted that they could remember him, a young man, as far back as '40, but his friends unanimously opined he was not over fifty-five.

"Now," said Mrs. Yorke, as they reached the gate, "do take care of yourself and come home soon, and above all don't forget to call at the school and leave this parcel for the teacher. Please," she hurried on as he began to frown, "it will not take long, and Ed'ward, dear, go in and speak to her just for a moment. I am so interested in——"

"Will you stop talking, Mary! The feminine mind is strangely irrelevant. In the first place is this thing of importance? What is it?"

"Just a little gift. She comes into town with the children to morrow, out I can't see her then. I never catch more than a glimpse of her winding around the hill—besides I want her to get it to-day, I want that pale face."

"Pale!" drawled the judge. "She strikes me as rather blooming."

"Well she always seems pale to me. I don't know; there is something about her—a certain quiet reserve. I am more interested in her than——"

"Interested, interested," he repeated, scornfully. "After twenty years of wedded life with you, my dear friend, I am not unaware that you possess a wondrous faculty for becoming interested in people."

"Perhaps so," retorted Mrs. Yorke with dignity, "but in this instance you like her yourself. You know she is a sweet, brave girl. You know she has had trouble. She never speaks of her former life."

"Your imagination is astounding." The judge was leaning on the gate-post, looking down at his wife. He had apparently forgotten his hurry. She smiled joyously. "Well, go now, mine ancient tormentor, but come back soon and do have a talk with the young teacher. That is the style of girl for you—that is, the girl of the future. She is a heroine—a goddess! Go! Go! She is clever and yet so simple. Those boys and girls adore her. She will be the making of their lives. But to see and hear an educated woman—go!"

"I believe if I chose to listen, you would run on like this forever."

"And I believe, sir, you would enjoy it."

Then they both laughed.

"Good-bye!" He put his hand under her chin and raised her face. It was as wrinkled, it was as pink and sweet. The hair, now white, was drawn back loosely from her brow.

"Good-bye," she too repeated.

"I don't know where I'll be back, but Africanus, you look after your mistress!"

"Yes, sah!" responded the negro, gazing with prideful eyes upon his master and his steed. He felt that each was his personal property. Africanus was no ordinary servant—he was of loyal blood. With the duties of coachman, gardener and butler, he combined the office of a species of major domo and was indispensable to the household.

"You have given me all instructions?" cried the lady as she turned away.

"Yes—except a—there's a man I expect some time this week. If he comes, keep him."

"A man!"

"Yes, from New York. He is going to Europe and wants to consult me about some property." And with this he would have started.

"Wait! But what if he arrives to-day?" Mrs. Yorke spoke in consternation.

"Keep him!"

"But—but I don't know him, and——"

"What of that?" interrupted the judge. "He is a man I am interested in, and——"

"It would seem," she said, with quizzical emphasis, "my faculty for becoming interested in people is not unique."

The judge spurred on his steed.

"Your hospitality has always been ideal, but you might——"

He rode on faster.

"Oh! dear me, Edward, what is his name? I insist——"

But he was out of hearing.

II.

The light wind of the morning had sunken. The trees, bending together from either side of the road, silently mingled their leaves. The man paused. "A cottage high up and back from the street, with a sloping lawn. This must be it. Anyhow, I'll venture in."

Amid its hills and slopes the town had grown up as best it might. The streets ran in undulating lines from all directions into Getty's Square, which formed the center. The cottage, situated on the north side of Hudson avenue, faced south. A veranda protected it on all but the eastern side, where the judge had built for his library an oriel window, fantastically designed. About this a climbing rose had grown and furnished with the white clematis vine a charming drapery for the window. To the west there stretched a pleasant green valley, from which a gradual ascent led to the largest hill of the region. Somewhat rugged towards the summit, it formed a bold outline on the western sky. The southern view was wonderful. Beyond the town, with its many factories, their tall chimneys and their smoke, lay the beautiful gleaming river, the broad, bright highway of the Hudson. And some miles across on the opposite bank, flinging their mighty shadows on the water, steep and straight, rose up the palisades, a gorgeous mass of coloring.

"Jove!" muttered the gentleman, admiringly, as having rung the bell he looked about him, biting the ends of his long mustache.

The door was shortly opened.

"Does Judge Yorke live here?"

"Yes, sah."

"Is he at home?"

"No, sah."

"Oh! Do you know when he will be home?" He surveyed the gaunt, black figure, motionless and alert, with not a little surprise.

"No, sah."

"Oh! a—perhaps you could find out."

"Yes, sah."

"I'll just give you my card." He put down his valise and began to fumble in his breast pockets.

Africanus stepped back into the hall. It was dim and wide and long, extending the entire length of the house. The floor was inlaid with tiles of black and saffron, the walls were painted in gray and gold with a searcloth of black carven work. After searching a table covered with magazines and hats and riding gloves, Africanus found a card-receiver in the shape of an antique bronze. This he carried to the door and held forth with much pomp, his eyes in their round black and white solemnity, fixed on those of the stranger. The gentleman hesitated, holding his card, on which ran the legend: Mr. Frederick Fullerton, Studio, 14 Broadway, New York. Still he hesitated. Africanus grew stiffer and more awful, waiting. Suddenly his eyes fell from the stranger's face to the card-receiver. In many little pyramidal piles thereon lay the ashes just as the judge had deposited them from his pipe. Africanus literally howled. The noise brought Mrs. Yorke to the spot, and she quickly divined the situation, which a moment sufficed to explain.

"He will take your valise," she said to Mr. Fullerton, "and never mind about the ashes, Africanus, the gentleman understands." And she led the way to the drawing-room.

"You have not hesitated in turning with a pleasant little confidential air towards her guest, "how badly Africanus will feel about that mishap. He has a great regard for form. I think it must be owing to his extraction," and she laughingly related his previous history.

Fullerton had seated himself in a comfortable chair, Mrs. Yorke was drawing back the curtains.

"Yes, Mr. Fullerton, the last injunction my husband left was that I'm to entertain you during his absence I was to detain you. I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before, but being his friend you must be mine. All and each of my husband's friends are welcome, and as there is not much formality. They come and go just as they please, but the oftener they come the better."

This was said in a tone of frank friendliness. The young man looked at her, he liked her little hair and her serene eyes. He felt grateful.

"You are very kind, Mrs. Yorke. I shall be glad to stay till to-morrow night, but then I must get back, for the day after I sail. I wanted to see the judge particularly; as usual, luck seems against me, but I shall not regret coming."

"Not if I can help it," she returned cordially.

III.

The following afternoon found Mrs. Yorke and her guest seated on the veranda. The young man leaned wearily back, his delicate hands hanging listless at his side. They had been tramping about the town together all the morning, each keenly appreciative of the other. On comparing notes Fullerton had discovered his hostess to be as cosmopolitan as himself, indeed, her travels had been wider; she had lived not only in St. Petersburg, Berlin and Vienna, but had also spent some years in Calcutta. He had drawn a vivid picture of his Paris life in the Latin Quarter, and, at last, she he continued, "my struggles concerning my art have not been of a pecuniary nature. I was an only child and as such inherited the bulk of my father's property. My father was determined from the first to crush the artist out of me. If I spent all his spare time in cultivating my talent, he would have none of it. Ever since I left my home I have had to depend on my own resources. My father was of puritan English descent; his family annals produce but two types of men, the soldier and the priest, and although he was a merchant himself he had all the unbending bigotry of his forefathers. Business called him to Montreal, where he met and married, the fates alone know why, a young open-souled French girl of artistic temperament, my mother. Glancing over her ancestral line you find them all, or with few exceptions, *dilettanti*. Imagine the combination! I am in every sense her son although I never had her love or protection. She died when I was an infant. I was unable to begin serious work until after my father's death. Then at last I was free. I roamed about Europe in a delirium of delight. I studied the old masters and the moderns. I read, I thought, I labored, and with success; my work promised much. However, that seems to be all over, I do almost nothing."

Fullerton spoke in a nicely modulated tone and without exertion—rounding his periods.

As she covertly examined his face Mrs. Yorke decided that the straight, refined nose was its best feature; the lips were much too mobile. His thin light hair was carefully arranged; his eyes, restless and brown and habitually drooped, were nevertheless always on the alert. He wore a mustache and a pointed beard.

"Do you know," she said, "you impress me as being very unhappy. Why is it?"

"That is a question I can hardly answer, my dear madam. 'Unhappy! Who is not?'"

"I—for one."

"And my I ask why!"

"Because I have no desire unfulfilled except that daily satisfied, for fuller development and more life. There are the miseries of others—whenever I come in contact with them, which happens perhaps every hour of every day. I relieve them as far as I possibly can—where my power stops I fall back upon the power that does not stop."

"Oh! You are merely what they call content."

"No, I am ecstatically happy."

"But impossible! Ecstasy can't last."

"It can recur."

"About twice in a life time."

"Indeed, no day has passed for twenty years that I have not experienced a rapture of joy."

Fullerton politely veiled his incredulity, murmuring:

"What wonderful panacea do you possess?"

"I have good health, I am not poor and I love, the two former are well—the last only is essential. Now why are you unhappy?"

"Principally for the reasons you have just alleged for being otherwise. Oh! No—to tell that I would have to go back to the cradle and take up the thread through all my phases. Every one has to go through certain number of phases in order to have any convictions of his own."

"But you do not seem to find your convictions satisfactory," objected his companion.

"The lord forbid! I am thirty and at present but one conviction, which is that I am an unmitigated ass, and I have but one ambition which is to find the whereabouts of a girl."

"Tell me about it," she said earnestly.

He felt the absence of anything personal or inquisitive in her delicate interest. Yet to speak of his life, of himself, above all of her, it seemed preposterous. But presently the novelty of the idea grew upon him. A mere outline would not violate his privacy. He began slowly:

"The bane of my life all through has been a kind of innate skepticism, which makes me doubt the genuineness of my own feelings—I cannot decide where my imagination begins and reality ends. Doubtless many people would smile at my characterization of what they would term mere irresolution, but that would be again just ignorance with its usual expression!" He paused and glanced towards the Palisades, She remained silent, looking across the valley and evidently expecting him to proceed. He did so, not without a certain enjoyment.

"I have already told you much of my life; you know with what relief I hurried into everything on the Continent. Rome was my Jerusalem—there I used to spend each winter. The dirt they are always talking of never bothered me, nor the malaria either. But one time, after six months of hard work, I fell ill, and by some whim ran over to America. Upon arriving in New York I found a letter awaiting me from an old *confrere* of mine, a very decent fellow. He wrote that he was summering in a small fishing town on the Maine coast where there were some fine bits of cliff scenery, and he invited me to join him, assuring me I would find the board, if not luxurious, at least wholesome. He went on to explain that he came across the nook by accident when he and his sister, a young girl, were hunting for a quiet place to spend some months together. I decided at once to go, and the first of June saw me on the spot. My friend was in transports and we passed almost the entire night talking in my room. He was a big, good-natured man with small talent, but great modesty, an unusual combination. A week went by, and to my astonishment not one word was said about the sister; I called for him at all hours, morning, noon and night, but never saw her. I began to think it odd. Another week, and I thought it strange, not to say insulting. One day my indignation would out: 'By the way, I said, swerving suddenly around and looking my companion in the eye, 'what is your sister like?'

"'Oh!' he replied calmly, 'she's a good girl.'

"'And,'" I cried,"'do you think I am not the man to know a good girl, or what do you mean by your confounded impertinence?'

"He gazed at me in stupid surprise and then apologized, saying he had never thought of it, and that the only remedy the matter that night if I called. Somewhat pacified but still feeling a little sore, I made my way thither.

"'Come up to our room,' shouted my friend, with a delightful lack of formality, hanging over the little wooden bannister. 'This,' he said, waving his arm about, 'is our common room, our place of assembly, and this is my sister.'

"The room was small and low with a deep wood panelling of dark brown and a rough painted floor—had it been shed or *salon* at the moment I would not have known.

"At his words the girl had risen and in answer to my stiff, 'how do you do,' she said calmly:

"'My brother told me what you said about our meeting—it was unintentional—I thought you and he would rather be alone. You see I am not an artist.' She stood there a simple figure, but with a presence such as I had never before felt in any human being. She had a beautiful forehead and her long dark eyes looked at one very directly.

"We sat down and talked in the ordinary manner, or at least she talked occasionally when her brother was not holding forth. At eleven o'clock I went, and all the way home cursed the loquacity of my friend—it had never occurred to me before that he talked so much. Am I boring you?' His eyes were aflame as he turned them upon Mrs. Yorke. "'Far from it," she responded, fervently.

"'Well, during the next three months we went somewhere together every day. At the end of that time I was a different man. It was impossible to constantly converse with her without gain a little of that broad, gentle spirit with which she viewed life—she had a love for the beautiful and invariably sought and found it. Her judgment for one so young was excellent, and without being one iota of a pedant she had a mind and used it. Her education had so far been rather irregular, but she read much and displayed considerable confidence of thought. With the exception of her brother, her only other relative was an uncle in Boston, who, having no family of his own, made a temporary home for her in the old brown stone house on Commonwealth avenue.

"We rambled among the rocks together, we read and sketched. We went fishing, we went sailing, we laughed and we talked, discussing everything under the sun. My friend still accompanied us, but I would have been much the wiser had he not. Each day I grew more energetic, more ambitious. I would sit by the hour and glow over my plans for the future, while she listened with eager face and inspiriting suggestion.

"You must remember we were friends, not what they term lovers. In her nature was no suspicion of coquetry, and as for me I had merely a satisfied feeling that it was good to be there. I was happy then——"

He suddenly stared at Mrs. Yorke, frowning.

"I was happy, then, madam. These things don't last."

He fell into a reverie, gazing suddenly straight before him.

"What interrupted this pleasant friendship?" Mrs. Yorke enquired.

At first Fullerton seemed disinclined to answer, but at length replied: "The brother fell ill and they returned to Boston."

"Yes—well?"

"He died that winter." He lowered his voice as he spoke.

"But surely that need not have separated you and this young woman, who, I gather, was your real friend—I mean that there was a great deal of sympathy between you."

"No—well, I will explain it to you." He became re-animated.

"I scarcely saw her that winter, but I learned the following summer that she had gone to Nantucket to the house of a German family known to her. I was conscious of a long unsatisfied desire to visit Nantucket Island, and I determined to gratify it.

"She received me with all the old warmth, and although she was more quiet and less gay than before, we experienced the same sense of pleasure in one another's society. How well I remember her—that dear gray-clad form. She was rather a large woman; at least there was nothing stunted about her. She did not wear mourning—that was something she despised. At the end of July the uncle appeared upon the scene. He was very civil to me. I fear he asked me to paint him. Two days after his arrival, which was entirely unexpected, he invited me to go for a stroll and I reluctantly agreed. The air was sultry. He seemed especially unctuous. He began: 'Mmm—mm my dear Mr. Fullerton—mmm—I have come all the way from Boston to speak to you about my niece. She is young and—mm—under my protection. Now I wish to know your—mmm intentions. It seems to me that after all this courting it is time you became more—mm—definite. She is a fine girl; I would like to see her married to some respectable young man, and unless I am mistaken, you are a fellow of good character. Now she must desire you to come to some settlement, and I want to know what you will do?'

"We were walking on the cliff. To this day I regret not having heaved him over, the financial beast. That whole night I raged. Next day, presenting myself at her door, I requested her to come to the beach. She took her hat and came immediately. I was quite cool. I discussed the weather probabilities. On reaching the shore we sat down. Above was a dull, gray sky; below was a dull, gray sea. For the moment I was quite merciless, forgetting even that she was not responsible for her uncle's sordid vulgarity. I commenced in this way: 'I judge from what your uncle said to me last night that we have seriously misunderstood each other.' She started perceptibly.' Mrs. Yorke did too.

"In sudden remorse I added: 'You must forgive me!' And then finding words I told her all the thoughts that had been whirling through my brain since the previous day. I told her there was no person in the world in whom I had more confidence and esteem than in her. I told her that I admired and loved her, but whether or not, with the greatest love of which I was capable—that was the question. I told her I would gladly ask her to be my wife if she so chose. I referred to all the days we had spent together, to the strong friendship that had unconsciously sprung up between us, without a thought on my part of any sentiment. I frankly acknowledged that I was uncertain whether my affection for her was such as a man could not help feeling for a woman like herself, whom he knew so well and of whom he knew so much, or whether it were a love, sole and final beyond all other. I concluded by begging her to think it over and herself decide the matter. There was then a silence.

"Presently, with no abrupt or angry movement, she rose and walked leisurely away. I followed her in silence. She said, 'Perhaps you she wished to think alone, forbore to call until the evening of the following day. She was gone."

Mrs. Yorke was leaning forward, gazing intently at the road which wound about the hill.

"Instantly I despatched a letter to her address in Boston, but with no result. Then I went straight to the city and straight to the address. Her uncle was in Boston. I went in and introduced me to some portrait painter. Drawing him aside I demanded to see his niece. Unfortunately, he said, she was not there. Where was she then? He refused to tell. I demanded, persuaded, threatened, in vain. A bad time followed. I hunted everywhere, advertised everywhere, but no purpose. Regularly each week I went to the uncle, till he seemed quite tired out and shame-facedly confessed that he knew no more than I. All this was five or six years ago, but I have not given up the search yet."

Mrs. Yorke was looking into his face with excitement and indecision. Seeing this, he was flattered. He lay back with his eyes half-closed, biting his mustache.

"I have no idea now, I believe she left this country. I believe that she is in Europe—I am going to Europe."

"Yes—go to Europe." Mrs. Yorke had regained her usual serenity and her irresolution had vanished.

"How quickly the afternoons go! It is chilly," he said, shivering.

Already the mists were rising on the river and the palisades were growing dim. The sun was sinking behind the hill. Coasting its path, ways with infinite light. Slowly around it there passed a procession of children—boys and girls—hand in hand, and as the lithe, gray-clad figure turned to and fro to cheer and aid them, there resounded cries of "Walk with us, teacher!" "And us!" "And us!" And the teacher, with her clear face, turned on them who moved beside them. And Fullerton did not know that in those late sun rays his happiness was passing away from him.

Talmage on Autumn.

Autumn makes the ray of the study lamp welcome again. With the summer over, we long again for our own homes, our own places. Autumn is the best time of all yet, for me, the autumn of the year has always been a source of marvel and of mighty significance. Those hours when I have stood in the amazing natural world who have looked at it through the eyes of others, or taken their impressions from book or canvas. There are some faces so mobile that photographists cannot take them, and the face of Nature has such a flush, and sparkle, and life, that no human description can gather them. No one knows the pathos of a bird's voice unless he has sat a summer evening tide at the edge of a wood, and listened to the cry of the whip-poor-will. There is more glory in one branch of October sumach than a painter could put on a whole forest of maples. God hath struck into the autumnal leaf a glance so intense and so full of hope, where the frosts have blighted in their work, we saw the first kindling of the flames of color in a lowly spring; then they rushed up from branch to branch, until the glory of the Lord submerged the forests. Here you would find a tree just making up its mind to change, and there one looked as if, wounded at every pore, it stood bleeding in carnage. Along the banks of Lake Huron there were hills over which there seemed pouring cataracts of fire, tossed up and down, and every white rock, through some of the ravines we saw occasionally a foaming stream, as though it were rushing to put out the conflagration. If one end of the woods a commanding tree would set up its crimson banner, a whole forest prepared to follow. If God's urn of colors were not infinite, one swamp that I saw along the Maumee would have exhausted it forever. It seemed as if the sea of divine glory had dashed its surf against the shores of Allughaneny and had come dripping down to lowest leaf and deepest cavern.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

A Tribute.

Ridley—I see the papers say old Ralston's funeral procession was two hours in crossing Broad street. He was a director of the line.

In Doubt.

"What is the name of your eldest son?"

"I don't know."

"What?"

"He was twins."

Effectively Told.

Servant—Oh, miss, that Mr. Brem do be comin' here again. There's no use tellin' him y'r not at home, fur he'll just push past me an' say he'll wait till yez do come home.

Miss Beauti—Then, for mercy's sake, tell him plainly that I'm engaged. Do it in such a way that he'll conclude to leave.

Servant—Yis, mum.

Mr. Brown (a minute later)—Is Miss Beauti at home?

Servant—Yes, sor, but she do be engaged; an' the feller she's engaged to do be waitin' in the parlor fur yez wid a club.

Needed Assistance.

Policeman (after midnight)—Here, move on.

Bilkins—It'sh all (hic) right, officer; I live here. I shay, officer.

"Well, what is it?"

"I shay. You take thish key and (his) open thish door and go quietly up stairs an' shee if my wife's ashleep."

"Humph! Suppose she shouldn't be asleep, then what?"

"Well, if (hic) she mishtakes you for me you (hic) you'd better run."

During the Exhibition.

Visitor.—Why do you take your lasso into the restaurant with you?

Host.—I want to capture a waiter.

Shrewd.

Editor.—Why do you call your poem Youth?

Poet.—So that it would be sure not to come back to me.

In the Thousand-Foot Level.

Mine Owner's Daughter—Have you any fault to find with the way you're treated?

Thirsty Miner (doing' his best)—Sure, m'am. Sure, Oi ain't been threated at all this mornin'.

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Taking No Chances.

There it lay. Right on the mountain top. Nature had hollowed out, as if on purpose, a space not more than fifty feet square; and in it she had placed gold in quantities that few men ever see and fewer still possess.

Dull colored yellow. It hardly looked the thing for which men have barter hope and women fall. It was just nature, the great alchemist, had made it. No alloys had corrupted it, nor had the sweaty, clinging clasp of miners defiled it. For centuries it had lain and glistened in the burning sun, burnished only by the sand sweeping over it in windy revels. It had been drawn the darkness of many years of hoarding in strong boxes, nor had it ever clung like the kisses of passionate men to the throat and arms and breasts of women beautiful as day. No man's blood had been shed for it, no woman or child had eaten bread in sadness and tears because of it. Yet it was gold.

Amid the sand and in the crevices of the rocky ledges that made the apex of the mountain, a novice might have passed it by unheedingly. But when Jack Swilling and his comrades saw it, they knew that they were rich, that in the gold that lay before them was a life, wherein that gold would buy them the smiles and caresses of women, the homage and subservience of men—a life of music, of feasting, and of song.

It was for this that they had toiled for years and had risked everything that men hold dear. And now it had come to them, unexpectedly and by accident. Attracted by the discovery of rich gold diggings at Weaver, in the then recently organized Territory of Arizona, the little party had left Tucson and made northward until they had arrived at the placers. On their arrival at the mines, they found that already a good many thousands of dollars had been taken out, principally by Mexicans, and they had no difficulty in locating grounds that paid them well. For nearly a month they had continued mining, meeting with no more than usual success, until one of their party, while hunting, had ascended one of the surrounding mountains. On reaching the summit, he had paused for an instant to let his eye sweep the *mesas* and mountains that stretched away for miles on either side, and, while doing so, he had discovered that the little basin in which he stood was almost paved with gold. Picking up a few of the larger pieces, he returned to camp and informed his comrades of his discovery. The story told to his companions was one so incredible that, had it not been for the nuggets of gold which he had brought with him, they would not have believed him. Early the next morning, the entire party ascended the mountain, and what they saw proved that the richness of the find had not been exaggerated, but that its true value had been, if anything, underestimated.

Abandoning their old location, the party encamped on their newly discovered treasure ground and began to gather its riches. At first, every loose nugget was carefully picked up and stored away; after that, the sand, which was found to be heavy with fine gold, was gathered together, preparatory to "washing" it out with the waters of the stream below. This done, they began with their bowie knives "to cut and gouge" out of the crevices and cracks of the rock the gold that had contained. Never did men work so hard. The feverish hunger and thirst for gold was upon them. As long as the light of day lasted, they continued to work. Each day saw the pile of virgin gold grow larger and larger, until it became impossible to conceal it.

The Mexicans, who had been their neighbors in the old diggings, would come into their camp and look with greedy eyes at the Americans at work. At first, they sought everywhere to discover another such pocket, but in vain. Outside of the little piece of ground where the first party had "struck it," the mountain side was as barren of gold as a macadamized road. Then they ceased to prospect, and spent their time sullenly watching the taking out of the riches in which they were to have no share.

To them the spot was like the vortex of the maelstrom. Every morning they were there, a smiling on the side of the claim, and, during the long, hot hours of the day, they sat, regardless of the burning glare of the sun, watching, watching, trembling with excitement when a nugget larger than the ordinary was taken out. It was only when dusk grew into darkness and the blue sky glistened with its myriad of stars that they returned to their own camp, to toss restlessly through the night, feverishly anxious to see what new riches the morrow would bring to *Los Americanos*. The gold they had work had taken from the banks of the stream, with which they were once so satisfied, seemed so little and insignificant, when compared with what their neighbors had taken from the mountain top, that they no longer thought or spoke of it. Once it had seemed to them like a fortune; now it was hardly worth having.

Day after day the Americans worked, watched by the Mexicans. From dollars the value of their gold grew into hundreds and then into thousands. They could not tell how much they had, for they had no means of weighing it. They had more than all of them together could carry. The strongest man among them, Jack Swilling, six feet and over, could not change the gold from one place to another without making five separate loads of it. A strong man's load in gold is not much when valued in dollars—at the utmost, perhaps, forty thousand dollars—but, when with the value men place on it, it can not be estimated. Put into a sack and thrown over the shoulder, it is only a heavy burden, wearisome with its weight. Stamped with the stamp that makes it money, piled in shining piles, where avarice can feast its eyes upon it, slipped into the half-willing hand of man or woman, it is different. Then barriers fade away that a life-time has built, manhood sinks and takes with it what was noblest and best, never to return, and men mournfully think thoughts that, free from the fascination of gold, they would have execrated with horror.

So it was in this camp. The gold that was stored in the common buckskin-purses that the little party, in its most enthusiastic moments, had never dreamed of being able to fill with the metal, and then it was packed in roughly made bags of cloth.

As the store of gold grew the friendship that had once existed between the Americans and the Mexicans became weaker and weaker. Soon they were enemies, watching one another with hatred that none attempted to conceal. The Americans no longer slept together in a little group, as had been their custom. Instead, each took his blanket and went off alone, not out far but that he was near the gold. While at work during the day, they made it a point never to group together. Even when a nugget larger than the rest was picked out, they no longer joyously called to each other that they might gather together to admire it. They were always on their guard, day and night one of their party watched the Mexicans. If they were to be killed and robbed of the gold they had discovered, by keeping the separate camps they escape if they were attacked.

Yet the Mexicans had said or done nothing to justify the suspicion that they would descend to murder and robbery to secure the gold. They did nothing but watch, watch, watch, day after day, as the store of gold increased. But, as the days went by and the pile of gold grew, a new look came into their faces, another light into their eyes. The lips were drawn a little tighter, the forehead was less open. There were no longer laughing efforts made to tell jokes, half in Spanish, half in English, to amuse one another. The old comradery was gone. Yet, less than a month before, these men had found pleasure in sharing their scanty stores with one another. Now they merely watched each other and the pile of gold, with a hatred so intense as to be unspeakable.

The pile of gold, though, continued to grow. But at last it ceased. In the crevices and cracks and sand there was no longer to be found a single glitter of yellow. Only the scars remained, where the knives had cut and gouged out the riches of the rock.

The Mexicans smiled with pleasure as they saw the Americans vainly endeavor to find more of the metal, and in return the latter grew hot with anger, though, in their hearts, they felt relieved to know that they had exhausted the lead. Already they had so much as they could care for. Had there been more to mine, though, they would have taken it out rather than see the Mexicans possess it. It had grown to be a pleasure to have it, if only to know that it was theirs, even if they could not use it.

When the pocket was mined out, the Mexicans no longer came up daily to watch the Americans. Instead, they stayed in their camp at the foot of the mountain. They did no work. Why should they? What would the few ounces they could take from their claims amount to compared with what the Americans had obtained?

Now that there was no longer any gold to mine, the Americans began to consider how to remove the gold they had to where they could dispose of it.

"It must be nearly a quarter of a million, boys," said Jack Swilling—all looked to him as to their chieftain; "we will have to get it out of here."

How to do it was a question they were always discussing, as they gathered on the mountain-crest in a little group, in order to be able to watch the Mexican camp below.

"We can't carry it out, and we might take part and hide the rest until we could return for it," suggested one.

"Yes, and what we would leave behind the Mexicans would get before we were out of sight. Damn them, why don't they get up and go! This is a white man's country anyway," said another.

"No, we can't do that," said Jack. "We will have to send to Wickenburg for a pack-train, and two of you will have to go for it. You can leave to-night, and the three of us who stay will look out for the gold. Now, who will go? is the question."

No one answered. Instead, each looked at the other, as if wishing that his neighbor would volunteer.

"There's no danger. What's the matter with you? Are you afraid to trust each other with the gold?" asked Jack.

No one replied, yet each knew that he did not want to go and leave the gold behind him. They were beginning to distrust each other as they distrusted the Mexicans.

"Well, we will draw lots, and the two who get stuck will have to go," said Jack.

The lots were drawn, and the two men to whom it had fallen to make the journey returned to camp and tried to sleep until night came. When it was so dark that they could not be seen, they arose, and slipping silently out of camp, began their trip across the desert.

The next morning, one of the three men who remained behind, while watching, saw one of the Mexicans take his gun and start around the base of the mountain, as if to hunt. He called the attention of his two comrades to it. As the three watched the Mexican, they saw the latter suddenly stop and look intently at the ground, and then his face turned up in the direction of the mountain top, as if to discover whether he was observed. Apparently satisfied that he was not, he began to walk back and forth, as if looking at foottracks; then, as if satisfied, he turned abruptly and returned to the camp he had just left.

"He has found the boys' trail and knows that they are gone," said Jack.

His two companions merely nodded. They had known, without being told, what Jack was going to say and what he was thinking of.

When the Mexican had returned to his camp, the three men could see him seated with his comrades in conversation. There were five of them, and they appeared to be talking loudly and earnestly. Occasionally they glanced toward the camp where the gold was, as if trying to see if they were watched. At least one of them rises, going to a roll of blankets he picks up a gun and, returning to the group, begins to clean it. His comrades look at him and laugh as if at a joke and then all the rest of them arise and get their arms.

"They are going to try to get the gold," says Jack, "and if we don't do something they will pick us off one by one and be on the road to Sonora before the boys get back."

"What can we do?" asks one of his comrades.

"We can go down there and tell them that we know what they are after and that they are not to go," replied Jack. "By slipping up under cover of the bush and bowlders we can be right among them before they know it, and it we get the drop on them they will be afraid to do what we say. Get your guns and come on."

The three men arose and, taking their arms, began the descent of the mountain. Slipping from bowlder to bowlder and taking advantage of the stunted underbush, it was not long before they were close to the camp. As they paused a moment to take breath, they could hear the Mexicans laughing and joking, as they cleaned their guns, while the hunter, Tomas, whom in the past they had all liked so well, was softly singing to himself in Spanish.

As the three men arose, the Mexicans looked up in astonishment. It was the first time the Americans had come among them since the discovery of the gold on the mountain top.

For an instant each side looked at the other in silence, then Tomas, who had kept stepping toward the Americans, asked them in Spanish what they desired.

"We want you to get out of here, for we know what you are cleaning up those guns for," replied Jack.

"To go home with," answered Tomas, adding: "We do not care to mine here any longer."

"You are doing it to murder us and steal our gold, and you have got to leave here at once," said Jack.

"We are going to leave just as we told you. But, when you say we are murderers, you lie!" angrily answered Tomas, partly turning to face his comrades to have them verify his statement.

Almost before the words had left his lips, Jack reached out his left arm, and, throwing it around Tomas' neck, drew him backward till the latter's head was in the shoulder. As he felt the strangling grasp of the arm, Tomas dropped his gun, and, raising his hands, tried to pull the arm from his throat. Suddenly the hand which touched the arm when a long-bladed knife rose above his face, grasped so tightly that the hand that held it, with its sun-burned and tense muscles, looked almost as white as marble. For an instant the knife hung in the air that the fierce eyes looking down over the upturned face of the man can might pick the surest place to drive it into the throat, drawn so tightly backward that one could see the arteries bulging beneath the skin. But only for an instant, and then, so fast that it seemed like a flash of light, it fell and entered the neck in the muscles just below the left ear. For a moment it stopped, and then, as the Mexican's hands reached out as if to push away the arm that held it, the knife was pulled from the sheath, and, as it went through the throat, the arm that had held the head backward, that the knife might have a clear sweep to the throat, and the man whose throat had been cut stood alone. For an instant, to those who had seen it, it seemed a dream, such was the suddenness, the dark, brown face grew ashen gray, as if a painter had drawn a brush across it, and through his tightly closed fingers spurted jets of blood. At first slowly, as if the hands were striving to hold within the body the escaping life, and from the lips came indistinguishable sounds as if pleading for help, while the eyes swept the face of friend and foe imploringly. Only for an instant though. Then the jets of blood grew stronger as the strength in the hands relaxed. The eyes grew dim and glassy and the body for an instant tottered, as if no longer able to stand erect. One or two steps, as if blindly striving not to fall even in death, and then, as the hands stretch out, grasping at the air, the blood that they have held back pours out in torrents, and down, with the face into the dirt and dust, goes what was once Tomas, the hunter.

Both sides are on their feet now, and as they stand the Americans cover the Mexicans with their guns.

"By God! You had better go and go at once, and leave your arms behind," says Jack.

The Mexicans looked at him for an instant, and then, with a glance at the body, they turn and start across the desert. The Americans watch them until they are out of sight.

Then they went down the pack train, which had been sent for, has arrived and has been laden with gold, it is driven down the trail by the camp where the body lies. It is still there, swollen and black from the heat of the sun, while the coyotes have lapped up the blood and eaten the face away, until where it once was the white teeth and bones glisten in the sunshine. The mules snort with fear as they sniff the carrion smell in the air and, though heavily laden with the gold, try in their fright to leave the narrow trail.

The men paused for an instant to look at the corpse.

"Old Tomas," one of them says, "I always thought him pretty square and rather liked him. Maybe, after all, they really did intend to go home without trying to take the gold, as he said."

"Maybe they did," said Jack, "but we couldn't take chances on any man's honesty with all this gold on our hands."—*The Argonaut.*

The Oarsman.

Edward Hanlan, the celebrated oarsman, found great efficacy in St. Jacobs Oil, and he says: "It is a reliable remedy for muscular pains in arms and legs and invaluable to oarsmen." All athletes use it.

A Difficulty Overcome.

Hertzferger (after the betrothal)—You cod kiss, Rebecca, t' seal der parzain.

Miss Goldstern—I don'd mind, Israel.

No Doubt.

Mrs. Gargoyle (reading)—A German costumhouse official assessed as poultry a lot of butterflies because they had wings.

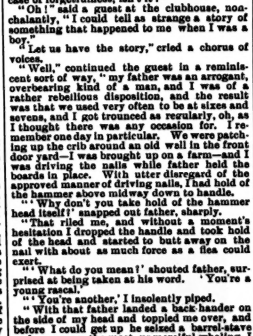
Gargoyle—I suppose he'd list a lot of tables as cattle if they happened to have four legs.

At the Fire.

Smith—It's a sad thing to see a big business like this swept away in one night.

Schmitak—Yell, I dunno; he was inzured. It vas a quick way of realizing on your stock.

An Awful Dose.



Inquisitive Citizen—What are you taking that man for?

Policeman—For "that tired feeling."

Severe Punishment.

"Well, well, here is a strange circumstance," said a member of the Calumet club a night or two ago as he glanced over the evening paper. "Here is an account of a man drowned in Hell Lynn, Conn., who put the head in a barrel and hooped it up with his little son inside. Strange case of forgetfulness, isn't it?"

"Oh!" said a guest at the clubhouse, nonchalantly, "I could tell as strange a story of something that happened to me when I was a boy."

"Let us have the story," cried a chorus of voices.

"Well," continued the guest in a reminiscent sort of way, "my father was an arrogant, overbearing kind of a man, and I was of a rather rebellious disposition, and the result was that we used very often to be at sixes and sevens, and I got trounced as regularly, oh, as I thought, there was any occasion for it. I remember one day in particular. We were patching up the crib around an old well in the front door yard—I was brought up on a farm—and I was driving the nails while father held the boards in place. With utter disregard of the approved manner of driving nails, I had hold of the hammer above mid way down to handle.

"'Why don't you take hold of the hammer head itself?' snapped out father, sharply.

"That riled me, and without a moment's hesitation I dropped the handle and took hold of the head and started to batt away on the nail with about as much force as a flea could exert.

"'What do you mean!' shouted father, surprised at being taken at his word. 'You're a young rascal.'

"'You're another,' I insolently piped.

"With that father landed a back hander on the side of my head and toppled me over, and before I could get up he seized a barrel-stave and gave me the most unmerciful whaling I ever had in my life. Ugh. I can hear the whacks and feel the blows now."

Here the guest stopped and leaned back in his chair as if he had no more to say.

"But where's the connection between that yarn and the account in the paper? I can't see the point of comparison," said the club man who had suggested the story.

"Oh, you don't?" replied the narrator. "Why, that's drawing. You see, the Connecticut man put the head in a barrel and hooped it up with the boy in it. My father whooped it up with a stave and put a head in it, and the barrel wasn't in it at all."—*Chicago Mail.*

Modern Improvements.

Mr. Citiman—You have a very fine trout pond, I understand.

Mr. Wayback—Yessir. I raise trout ter a livin'.

"What do you charge for fishing in it?"

"Don't allow no strangers to fish in it. Might catch th' wrong kind, you know."

"But I was told this was a good place for a day's sport."

"Yr right about that. You and yr friend go over to that there arbor an' take it easy. My wife'll bring ye out a bottle o' whisky an' some lemonade. Then, when it rains, I'll fill the baskets with fish, lift ye inter the wagon, an' drive ye to the depot."

[Profane.

"I don't want you to make use of the word rum again, Bridget."

"Why not, pa?"

"Because rum is a curse."

Alarming.

Mrs. Curran—How is Misther Riley thin mornin'?

Mrs. Riley—Worse. He was taken wid another disease lasht noight.

Mrs. Curran—What is it?

Mrs. Riley—The docther called it convalesheut.

He Could Draw the Line.

Uncle Si Low—You good-for-nothing tramp! You are too lazy to eat!

Thirsty Trimble—Then per'aps you wouldn't mind askin' me to drink.

Miss Nellie Johnston has just returned from Europe with a full line of the latest novelties in dress goods for street and carriage. Evening wear and bridal trousseaus specially. The latest novelties in Parisian millinery and trimmings. We invite an early inspection of our stock. Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street west.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon *must* accompany every graphological study sent in after August 15. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

A. E. KNF.—Writing shows perseverance and slow but sure accomplishment. Your ideals tend to rise, not a very romantic, but rather practical mind, some hope, and self-control, average good temper, but positive.

FRECKS BRUNWIN.—The person you enquire about lives in Gunly, as far as I know. I could not give you her address. She is known to me personally, and was once an intimate friend, but time has drifted us asunder.

GYPSIE, Deseronto—As I have several of your name among my friends, I can not give an opinion on the mere identification. Your writing shows amiability, slight hopefulness, some perseverance, good opinion of yourself, rather a weak will, and tendency to extravagance, not a decided hand.

IN REMEMBRANCE.—Writing shows good energy and impulse, some hope, ambition, impulsivity, love of art, but not cultivated taste, slight indecision, an amiable disposition and good perseverance. The judgment is not always clear and some carelessness of detail and lack of finish spoils others's eye from one pleasing work.

ELSA.—Writing shows ambition, hope, good temper, a wide sympathy and a tenacious and constant nature, some culture, correct taste and good judgment, the writer is disposed to be vain in small matters, but is not proud of and for a good cause would not grudge spending freely, is fond of company and loves a joke.

ALOOM TULLIVER.—1. Your writing has been delineated. The letter I am now answering bears date July 31st. 2 Your writing would indicate that you are capable of good work, and also by care and deliberation in yourself. It has, as I think I said before, the lines of a very good hand, and only needs practice to make it very good.

ELSA (A. H.).—1. I think another correspondent has your names, therefore I give you initial. Do you never write to your relos? Please do so in reference to your health. 2. Your own writing shows large and abounding hope, ambition and imagination, generosity, self and good perseverance. You have any amount of self-reliance and are fairly good tempered.

DIMAS STEDD.—1. A good retoucher makes about seven dollars a week. I think it is a very good occupation and not very difficult work. 2 I have heard it is trying to the eyes. I I am sure Dora would be flattered at your compliments. 4. Your writing shows originality, geniality, lacks hope, ambition and self-reliance, and shows timidity, modesty, fairness and self-will. Not a pretty, but an interesting hand.

EARNESTA.—Writing shows amiability and conscientiousness, not much perception, nor buoyancy. Writer has fitful ambitions and desires, and is not very steadfast though is fairly capricious. A tendency to jump to conclusions and sudden decisions mars a character that, had it a little more mental determination, would be much improved. Brace up, Earnesta, and do credit to your name.

REBECCA.—Writing shows rather an affected manner and decided self-esteem. Writer wouldn't receive reproof gracefully, though she sometimes requires it, is not very hopeful, is not very apt to please, is amiable, has some firmity of temper, and decided self-will. Is slow to love, and tenacious of her feelings, but could be true in unfavorable circumstances, is decidedly idealistic and not apt to judge very sensibly.

BROWNIE.—1. Brush the hair with soft water and borax, and the white of an egg. A shampoo preparation sold by hairdressers is good. 2. I cannot give so long a recipe in this column. You can put it elsewhere. 3. Your writing shows candor, refinement, generosity, love of society and a sociable nature, some imagination and love of the beautiful, and are able to make and appreciate a joke.

JEASRMINE GOURSEY.—Your correspondence has evidently cultivated your taste, and a refined tone accompanying her study. Her own writing shows originality, energy, and ability, but an overweening self-esteem. She has great ambition and good impulse, little sympathy and judgment warped by her judice, good conscientiousness and affection, and her really excellent qualities. She is neither cautious nor prudent and has a great love for society and display.

R. S. T.—1. Your enclosure was a quotation and insufficient. The writing shows ambition, hope, ideality and a good perseverance, but is not calculated to make an actor from half a dozen words. 2 Your own writing shows constancy, perseverance, some amiable traits, love of approbation, not the sweetest of tempers, though more cranky than sharp, a kind nature and a desire for affection, good conscientiousness, and a good sense of self and strokes were more firm and energetic I should like it better.

ANDORA.—1. Your writing shows great endurance and pertinacity, some imaginations, kept in control by caution, a good and generous nature, but inclined to dwell on details, little intuition and sympathy. I think the hand will in time develop into something better. 2. I cannot advise you to meddle with your grandfather. The old man is in time when they grow too heavy. 3. Braiding and coiling seem a mistake, and make the face look narrow and long. Your hair is in a coil show it off best. 4. Your enclosed is not sufficiently formed, and I prefer not to delineate it.

JUNE COLLINS.—Your writing shows hard-writing shows imagination unconstrained by prudence, over-generous and extravagant ideas, impulsive, fond of detail, but good perseverance and fond of pursuits which are designated speculation. Writer has strong will and great determination, is not easy to be turned, is fond of company, fond of pence, and does not relish one at his own, though the temper, if not quick, is generally good and sweet and very firm, would be a kind, careless, not very sympathetic friend, and though distressed by others' suffering, wouldn't sacrifice anything himself.

FIDO F.—1. Your second name is past my discerning. 2. Your writing shows great wealth of imagination, dainttiness of fancy, and rather impractical ideas. You are very sympathetic, but so original in your methods that few understand or appreciate them. You are tenacious, rather prone to enjoy a good melancholy time, and you have a keen sense of self-importance, you are clever and poetical, and full of dreams, plans and fancies which never fade and probably are true and beautiful. I need not tell you that your nature is fickle and bewildering, and your manner sometimes strained, but you are good and true at heart.

URDINE.—1. The lady who is jealous and "acts like the old scratch" as you express it, is much to be pitied. I cannot recommend a course of conduct to a jealous person, but I can strongly advise her not to be jealous. Also I don't think a "ha" is usually called an *insanoria*, and I think English words would be better than foreign ones in a case of the kind mentioned. 2. Your writing shows energy, a snappish temper, a rather desponding turn of mind, caution and decision, impatience and lack of sympathy; you are suspicious and lack generosity and the delicacy of perception. You are heading in your likes and dislikes, and a little selfish, the makings of the fine Xantippe, if you don't take care.

QUEEN BESS.—1 For full description see *Outing* magazine for October. 2 "ha" is just arrived and I find it contains all the necessary is formation by an authority. 2. The man who is ashamed of his name should be ashamed of himself. 3. Old fashioned fathers, who do not keep up with the times nor realize the forward step that has been taken by women in the last decade are sometimes very hard to convince. All the same their prejudice and want of sympathy are things that are to be borne as long as daughters are under their protection. 4. Keep writing and encouraging if you have something presentable, and then send it abroad to be accepted or rejected on its merits. It is a hard, yet no sanguine. Judging from your writing I think you should succeed. I am glad you look on me as your friend, and hope to hear from again.

PATIENT BERDIE.—Your very emphatic letter made me so frightened that I put it away until my terror cooled a tl. Then I forgot you, poor invalid, and I am so very sorry you have had such a long wait. And now for your graphological study: Your writing shows lack of sympathy and perception, good perseverance, courage, rather an imperious disposition, great strength and determination, which is sometimes perverse. You are not at all bad-tempered, though you are capricious and sometimes unreasonable, but that is a woman's prerogative. You have no mean ambition and would probably be content with the goods the gods provide; and you have a certain quaint strain of humor and are fond of number one. I hope you are not quite well, and that you will, as you ask to, write again and give me any question you like.

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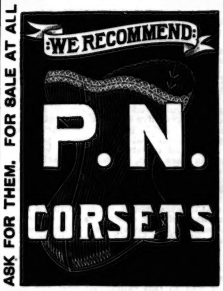

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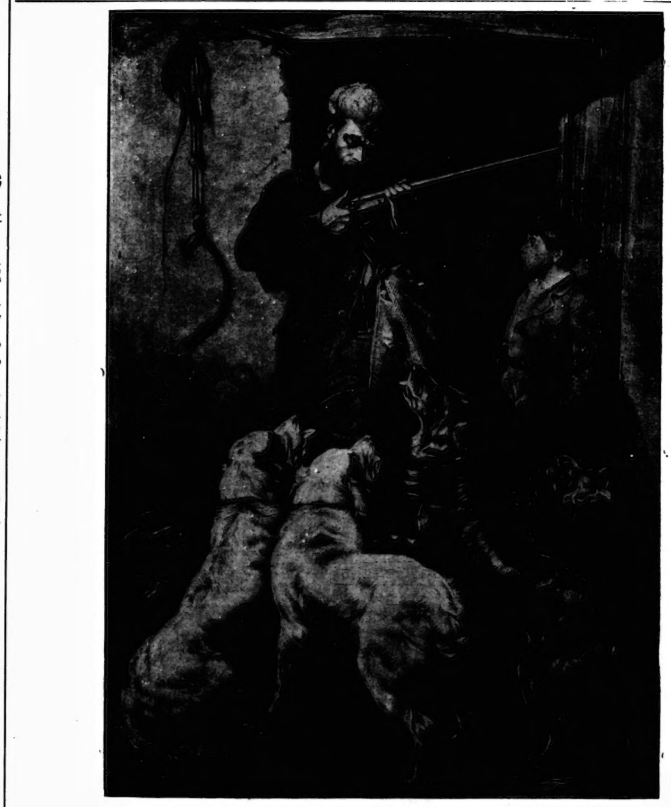

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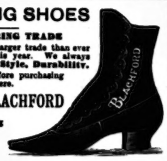

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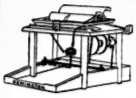

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Healthy Wilyum—I hear our friends de brakemen hez struck.

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Healthy Wilyum—Dey's struck for shorter hours.

Weary Walkers—Well, I allers did think sixty minutes wuz too long fer one hour's work.

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"He took a drop too much."

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Marsh, M.A., rector of St. Paul's church, Lindsay. After the ceremony the guests partook of a wedding breakfast at Westward Ho, the residence of the bride's father. The floral decorations of the church were the gift of the young people of the congregation. The happy couple left by the six p.m. train for the western states.

•

I saw a charming and interesting wedding in St. Andrew's church on Wednesday noon, when Mr. Frederick Mowat, Sheriff of Toronto, and Miss Lucy Waterston Greig were married. Miss Greig, whose bridal robe was of rich white corded silk, with the conventional veil and orange flowers, was attended by five bridesmaids, Miss Margaret Greig taking the duties of maid of honor. The other bridesmaids were Miss Mowat, Miss Burton and the Misses Marjory and Margaret, the little daughters of Mr. Arthur Mowat. The bridesmaids wore gowns of pink Liberty silk, with hats of *chiffon* and pink roses. The best man was Mr. Neil McLean, Messrs. Herbert Mowat and Edward Greig completing the bridal party. After the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, the guests, who were only the relatives of the bride and groom and a few very old friends, were received at the residence of Col. Greig, where a wedding *dejeuner* was partaken of. Sheriff and Mrs. Mowat left on the afternoon train and will return to Toronto at the close of their honeymoon.

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The fortnightly receptions at Government House will be held on the first and third Wednesday of each month, from five to six o'clock.

•

Mrs. William G. Parsons gave a pleasant party last evening at her home, 634 Ontario street.

•

Mrs. Macdonald entertained a few friends on Wednesday evening at her residence on St. George street.

•

Mrs. James Pringle and family have returned from Sibley, after a most enjoyable visit of six weeks.

•

The annual games of the Toronto Collegiate Institute took place in Rosedale yesterday. A full account will be given next week.

•

Captain Elliott received a visit from F Company in full regimentals and accompanied by a band a few days since. The gallant Grenadiers presented their popular officer with a handsome marble clock and congratulations on his marriage.

•

Sir Francis de Winton, well known as the military secretary to the Marquis of Lorne during his Canadian vice-regal experience, has been visiting Toronto on his way to the North-West.

•

Modjeska's engagement tempted a number of fashionable folk to endure the heat of the opera house during the latter part of last week. I noticed among them Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggan, Mr. and Miss Rutherford, Mrs. and the Misses King Dodds, Mr. Justice, Mrs. and the Misses Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Janes and the Misses Janes, Mr. D. R. Wilkie and party, and a good many others. After all, the opera house was tolerably cool, and the plays were not of a nature to arouse very violent emotion. I wonder if the dramatic editor noticed the satisfaction expressed in all the masculine faces at the gradual quenching of the anti-matrimonial enthusiasm of Donna Diana on Friday night. Her final subjugation left a broad smile on every manly countenance I could catch sight of.

•

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Denison have gone to Chatham on a visit to Ven. Archdeacon Sandys.

•

A beautiful record of the sorrow of a father and mother for the loss of two charming children may be seen in St. James' Anglican Church, on King street east, in the shape of a magnificent font presented in memory of their little ones, by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer of Glenedyth. It stands in the eastern recess behind a light and artistic *grille* of burnished brass—and is very handsome and massive in its simplicity. A Latin inscription referring to its symbolism of cleansing runs round the rim of the basin, which is of very large size and stands on a carved pedestal of brass, springing from a massive foundation of snowy marble. The rector in his acceptance of the gift for the people of James' Church referred in eloquent and touching terms to the circumstance which it commemorates, and tenderly spoke of the strong loving hands which had so becomingly placed their noble gift for the benefit of other's little ones. The Canon's usual eloquence and evidently deep sympathy sensibly affected his large congregation.

•

The Children Aid Society is the cold weather name of the Fresh Air Fund, and it intends doing a much-needed work among the destitute little ones during the coming winter. A meeting was held to draft a constitution and elect officers, on Wednesday afternoon, and some sensible suggestions offered. Among the kind hearts present were: Miss Elliott, Mrs. and Miss Nunn, Miss Willis, Mrs. Helliwell, Miss Brunsnech, Mrs. Kelso, Miss Kelso, Miss De Wilton, Mrs. Sheffield, Dr. Hartley Smith, Dr. Rosebrugh, Rev. Mr. Grant, Messrs. James Thomson, Beverley Jones, Henry O'Brien, E. E. A. DuVernet, Prof. Ashley, and Rev. J. E. Starr. Mr. James Massie occupied the chair.

A pleasant little yachting party was given on Tuesday of last week by Mr. George Meyer. The intense heat made the lake breezes very enjoyable until the party returned about seven o'clock.

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Society circles are commencing to brighten after the lull during the summer months.

Last Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Mills gave a charming lawn tea at their picturesque residence on George street. The gowns of the ladies were exceedingly smart. Among those present I noticed: Mrs. Kennedy, pearl gray silk; Mrs. Woolverton, gray silk, with amber velvet; Mrs. Robertson, cream serge; Mrs. George Thomson, a gown of green faille; Mrs. Tidswell, *eau de nil* silk; Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, old rose satin and black lace; Miss Lottridge, a beautiful gown of white *crepe de chine*; Miss Bosch, pale gray silk with silver trimmings; Miss Spratt, yellow; Miss Dewar, fawn and blue; Miss Chapman, black polka dot silk; Miss Dunlop, white silk, with black jet; Miss O'Reilly, white serge; Miss Carr, black and gray; Miss Briggs, heliotrope cloth, and gold fringe; Miss Maclanes, pale green and white; Miss Hamilton, [illegible]. There were also a goodly portion of the male sex present, among them being Messrs. Patterson, MacLanes, Smart, Belles, Lucas, Boyd, Gates. On the same afternoon Mrs. John S. Hendrie was at home to a large number of friends, and among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Crerar, Mr. and Mrs. Stinson, Lieut. and Mrs. Bankier, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Murray, Mrs. Leggat, Mr. Jack Leggat, Mrs. C. J. Jones, Mrs. Hendrie, the Misses Hendrie, Misses Fuller, Hobson, Bruce, O'Reilly, Dunlop, Gartshore, Roach, Spratt, Harvey, McGiverin, Dewar, Ramsay, Messrs. Harvey, Gansby, Gartshore, Burns, Dewar, Duncan, Gates, Billet, McGiverin, Dr. Rennie and many others. The officers of the battery were present in uniform.

Miss Agnes Crawford has commenced her Delsarte classes here. Mrs. Warren Burton has kindly given her house for the lessons. Mrs. Woolverton, the Misses Fuller, Spratt, Briggs and Hendrie are some of the ladies taking this delightful system so beneficial to all.

On Saturday we had a visit from the Woodstock Lawn Tennis Club, who came down to play our club and defeated us by one. There was a very large attendance, and much interest was displayed. Everyone was surprised to see Mr. Moreton defeated by Mr. Hay. The football club turned out the same afternoon, and had a splendid practice. Everything looks very bright for the coming season, as some new players will add very much to the loss sustained by the club of three of its best men.

A social event, which has set all the *elite* on the *qui vive*, is to take place on October 7, when one of the fairest daughters will be led to the altar, being the marriage of Miss Hendrie to Mr. John Hay of Toronto. SYLVIA.

Next Year's Festival.

DEAR METRONOME,—Your timely remarks concerning the proposed musical festival must have been read with feelings of the greatest interest by all desirous of seeing a scheme floated which should be, in every sense of the word, a credit to the city and secure for her a respected place among the musical centers of this continent.

The festival of 1886 cannot be said to have accomplished this for us. What good work may be done by the chorus was more than counterbalanced by the ridiculous fiasco of the so-called orchestra.

The proposition, therefore, to secure an orchestra which should be a guarantee of unquestionable excellence in this department must meet with the hearty approval of all thoroughly in earnest as to the artistic success of the undertaking. Such an orchestra, conducted by a man of continental repute, thoroughly versed in the traditional interpretations of the higher order of music, would be a novel feature in a city which has had but few orchestral concerts worthy of the name, and very seldom or never, with the same forces which court criticism before New York or Boston audiences.

Beyond doubt, the greatest difficulty in connection with the scheme will lie in the selection of a conductor whose ability and personality would command the respect and thus insure the aid of the best elements in our musical life.

More will be required than the faculty to "hammer" music into a promiscuous chorus. What the better class of our singers and the public generally will demand is a finished performance of whatever may be undertaken.

Although not a member of any of the societies I think I am not far astray when I say that the success of our two vocal societies is largely due to the indifferent performances of oratorio which have for some years past been anything but creditable to the city and which have inclined the better elements of our choristers to seek refuge in "smaller things" with some pretense to artistic representation.

If among our conductors there can be chosen one (to appoint more than one would be a farce) who combines the ability to polish as well as to hammer, let him be appointed without regard to the wounded sensibilities of any disappointed aspirants.

If none of our local musicians combine these two very necessary qualities the success of the festival, in my opinion, would be insured were all the societies to unite on the chosen works into one grand chorus, each society, if desired, to undertake the preparation of the work under its own conductor, and after a few mass rehearsals under an efficient drill master, either chosen by a committee or appointed by the orchestral conductor, place the whole matter in his hands as is done at the Cincinnati and Worcester festivals, events which we cannot do better than to imitate and aim in a measure to equal.

Such a scheme as the above, it appears to me, would give no cause for wrangling and should secure a hearty response from all the societies as well as from hundreds of excellent singers whose voices are seldom or never heard in our great choruses. Yours,

"HANDEL."

Toronto, September 29, '91.

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Grand English Opera Company

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EMMA ABBOTT COMPANY

REPERTORY:

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Tuesday---BOHEMIAN GIRL
Wednesday---MARTHA
Thursday---FAUST
Friday---IL TROVATORE
Saturday Matinee---MARTHA
AND
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BARITONES—Signor Chorsata, T. J. Johnson, George Williams.
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FRIDAY EVENING—Shakespeare's ideal tragedy,

HAMLET

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OTHELLO

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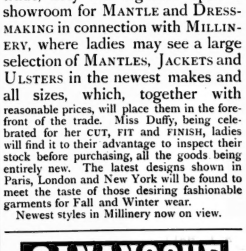

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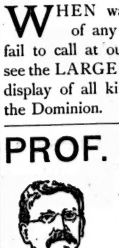

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Next week Robert Mantell will play all week at the Grand. His old favorites, Monbars, Hamlet, Othello, The Marble Heart and The Corsican Brothers will be put on, and on Wed-

MANTELL IN THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

nesday he will produce his latest, The Louisianian. Manager Sheppard does well to so soon follow Modjeska with such another sterling attraction.

Miss Jessie Alexander will inaugurate her season by her annual recital at Association Hall on Friday, October 9, when she will present a programme of selections specially prepared for this occasion. The following authors will be represented: Macauley, Browning, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Aldrich. A humorous sketch for the Scotch folks and a new poem of Whitcomb Riley's in the childish dialect, at which Miss Alexander is inimitable, will be comprised in a programme which should suit the most fastidious.

Lizzie Annandale, the late Emma Abbott's leading lady, and who took over that singer's opera company, brings it to the Academy of Music next week. Carmen, Martha and other

Lizzie Annandale

standard grand operas will be produced, as well as the new opera over which New York is going crazy, Cavalleria Rusticana. She carries a large company, the male voices being especially fine.

The Burglar, by the clever playwright, Augustus Thomas, and adapted from Frances Hodgson Burnetts' short story, Editha's Burglar, will be a good attraction at Jacobs & Sparrow's next week.

O'Dowd's Neighbors, at the Academy the last three nights of this week, is a very funny show and has drawn crowded houses. A large attendance is expected at this afternoon's matinee.

Revenge.

College President—Young Hawkins complains that you give him so much to do that his health is breaking down.

Professor—Yes. You see, Hawkins waited on my table at the summer hotel.

At The Reception.

"That is an unusually intelligent-looking waiter over there."

"Yes. He is the *Weekly Slanderer's* 'Man of Society.' This is the way he gets his information."

"Speech is Silvern, But——"

Covert Coates—If I give you this candy, will you tell your sister that I am waiting here for her?

Birdie Broome—How much more will you give me if I don't tell my big brother?

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

CARLYLE—Sept. 28, Mrs. David Carlyle—a son.
ROSS—Sept. 21, Mrs. David Ross—a son.
CLARKE—Sept. 21, Mrs. T. T. Clarke—a son.
MILES—Sept. 22, Mrs. W. E. S. Miles—a son.
MACKELCAN—Burlington, Sept. 22, Mrs. H. Mackelcan—a son.
McWATTERS—Sept. 21, Mrs. W. McWatters—a son.
VICKERS—Chippewa, Sept. 22, Mrs. Vickers—a son.
BLAKE—Sept. 23, Mrs. Hume Blake—a daughter.
GRASSETT—Peterbro', Sept. 27, Mrs. Grassett—a daughter
STEWARD—Sept. 16, Mrs. G. T. Steward—a daughter.
BARBER—Sept. 22, Mrs. R. B. Barber—a son.
DEAN—Sept. 19, Mrs. Fred. Dean—a son.
BALDWIN—Sept. 24, Mrs. D. C. Baldwin—a daughter.
BARTLETT—Sept. 24, Mrs C. Bartlett—a son.
BARNARD—Sept. 12, Mrs. F. M. Barnard—a daughter.
HOWITT—Sept. 23, Mrs. H. O. Howitt—a daughter.
COOK—Brantford, Sept. 20, Mrs. C. Cook—a daughter.

Marriages.

MILLAR—HARTNEY—Sept. 26, Dr. L. Millar to M. R. Hartney.
GARVIN—WILLIAMS—Sept. 29, F. W. Garvin to C. O. Williams.
HARBOTTLE—SAUNDERS—George Harbottle to Evaline Saunders.
SMITH—ANDERSON—Sept. 23, Miles Smith to Lucy Anderson.
IRWIN—HAMILTON—Sept. 16, William Irwin to Ida Hamilton.
KELLY—CONLON—Sept 17 J. J. Kelly to M. H. Conlon.
McFARLANE—BOTSFORD—Sept. 17, W. McFarlane to Ethel Botsford.
WHITESIDE—HOYLE—Jas. A. Whiteside to Helena Hoyle
SCOTT—McARTHUR—Sept. 24, Alex. B. Scott to Janet McArthur
MERCER-ADAM—BROWN—Aug. 20, G. Mercer-Adam to F. J. Brown.
LINDSAY—PATTERSON—Sept. 22, L. G. Lindsay to M. J. Patterson.
SIMMONS—KING—Sept. 22, E. C. Simmons to Matilda King.
ALTON—COLE—Sept. 24, T. A. Alton to Agnes E. Cole.
PACE—McCONNEY—Sept. 14, John Pace to Evelyn McConkey.
HOLMES—THOMAS—Sept. 24, G. W. Holmes to Gertrude Thomas.
PEARCE—MARSHALL—Sept. 23, Richard Pearce to Lydia Marshall.
FENTON—WILSON—Sept. 24, Edward Fenton to Agnes Wilson.
McLEAN—LESLIE—Sept. 23, Donald McLean to Viola Leslie.

Deaths.

BELL—Thornhill, Sept. 28, James Bell, aged 55.
HORSWELL—Niagara Falls, Sept. 18, S. Horswell, aged 92
NEILL—Sept. 24, Adam J. Neill, aged 30
FRASER—Sept. 27, James Fraser, aged 10 days.
NESBITT—Sept. 28, Josiah Nesbitt.
MILLIGAN—Sept., Fannie L. Milligan, aged 18.
CORCORAN—Sept. 25, Katie Corcoran, aged 19.
PATTERSON—Sept. 29, Elizabeth Patterson.
COOLEY—Sept. 28, Thomas Cooley, aged 79.
MacGOWAN—Sept. 27, Bessie MacGowan, aged 8.
TAPSCOTT—Sept. 22, Elizabeth Tapscott, aged 71.
BRYDON—Sept. 26 James Brydon, aged 7 months.
WALBRIDGE—Belleville, Sept. 15, H. Caroline Walbridge.
PEARSON—Sept. 15, William Pearson, aged 75.
DAVIS—Peterboro', Sept. 25, Geo. H. Davis, aged 71.
WILLIAMS—Sept. 22, Phoebe Williams, aged 82.
ALEXANDER—Sept. 20, Helen Alexander.
MOLLE—Scotland, Sept. 17, William Molle.
DAVIS—Sept. 24, Helen B Davis.
PLANK—Uxbridge, Sept. 23, Bartholomew Plank.
RUST—Sept. 27, Henry Rush, aged 85.

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A GRAND CLEARING SALE

Being anxious to dispose of the entire stock in the shortest possible time, we have reduced prices on all goods, including our importations of

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I am prepared to meet these requirements for good dressers.

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We would like the ladies to give us a call and see how the work is done. We are prepared to do all kinds of cleaning, fitting and laying (no chains or ropes to tear your carpets). Grease spots removed. Open all the year. Orders called for and returned to any part of the city. We have a special moth proof room for storing carpets. Send for price lists. Furniture repaired.

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Stylish Robes in newest coloring, single length only.

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